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## MARK TWAIN.

The report of Mark Twain's death on the 21st of April, this time not "greatly exaggerated" but sadly and literally true, was the occasion of heart-felt grief to the entire nation, we may almost say to the whole world. No American of our time was more widely known; no other American writer lately among the living had endeared himself to so large and cosmopolitan an audience. His life, ended midway in its seventy-fifth year, had been rich in human experience, had fulfilled the season of mellow fruitfulness, and had given literary expression, as few other lives have done, to the qualities of buoyancy and independence so characteristic of the typical American temperament. It was also a life which, in its personal aspects, revealed the qualities of manliness and sympathy, was admirable in its public and private relations, and bore with fortitude the buffets of ill-fortune. There are tests of character which few men can suffer without some show of weakness; his character they served only to sweeten and strengthen.

Mark Twain's life may be divided into two nearly equal parts. Of the first part, which includes his boyhood days, his experiences as a journeyman printer and editor, his brief career as a Mississippi pilot, his briefer career as a Confederate soldier, and his adventures in the mining-camps and rude settlements of the West, we have the most vivid of records in his books—in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" and "Roughing It," and in the countless short stories and sketches which began with "The Jumping Frog" and are probably not yet at an end, for only a part of the work which he humorously styles his "Autobiography" has been put into print. Those early days left him with a fund of recollections upon which his drafts were honored—as was similarly the case with Bret Harte—for long years after the experiences themselves had become old (although not unhappy) far off things. As the recorder of these phases of pioneer life which he knew at first hand, and of which he almost alone has preserved for us the very form and pressure, we are immeasurably in his debt. There are few things that we know as well as what it was to be a boy in a Missouri country town, a futile skirmisher in the early days of the Civil War, and a traveller on the lower Mississippi, few

bygone types that are as real to us as the miners and stage-coach drivers and politicians and bar-room loafers of the untutored West of the mid-century. The writings in which these things have been preserved for us are Mark Twain's best, because they are his raciest and least self-conscious.

The next best group of his books is provided by "The Innocents Abroad," "A Tramp Abroad," and "Following the Equator," the three extensive records of unconventional travel. Yet in these the touch of sophistication is seen, and becomes progressively pronounced with each succeeding narrative. The second is not as good as the first, and the third is distinctly weaker than the second, more artificial in its conception and more forced in its humor. When the author transplanted himself to the East for permanent residence in the seventies, he abandoned the primal sources of his inspiration, and never developed others of comparable importance. Going farther and farther afield in search of fresh material, he illustrated anew the myth of Antæus, and displayed a pitiable weakness. Over some of his later flounderings in the alien elements of literary criticism, history, and metaphysics, it were best discreetly to draw a veil. There was in him a streak of the Philistine which might have remained undetected had he "kept to his last," but which was sharply revealed when he infringed upon the domain of intellectual and scholarly concerns.

The present is not, however, the best occasion for dwelling upon Mark Twain's limitations, or for emphasizing the ephemeral character of a considerable part of his work. A fair share of that work, at least, stands upon a level so high as to be in no danger of passing out of sight. Up to an advanced point in his career, he grew steadily in power and wisdom; his sympathies became ever broader and deeper, and his expressive faculty kept pace with the larger demands that were made upon it. From the exuberant journalist who gave us entertainment in his earlier days he developed into something like a sage to whom we came to look no less for counsel than for amusement. We learned to detect in his homely speech the movings of a fine spirit, instinct with the nobler promptings of democracy, hating shams and ostentatious vulgarity, gentle and gracious in its quieter moods, but fanned to burning indignation when facing some monstrous wickedness, such as the corruption of our political life, or the dastardly act of the American soldier in the Philippines who betrayed his rescuer and shamelessly boasted of the shameful deed, or the infamy of the royal

libertine who distilled a fortune from the blood of the miserable natives of the Congo. Even more than by his strictly literary work, he earned our gratitude for the brave words which he spoke upon such themes as these, words that cleared the moral atmosphere and made us see things in the light of naked truth.

Nor should we, in our tribute to the man, forget the silent heroism with which he endured loss of fortune in his advancing years, and shouldered the burden of a debt incurred by the rascality of his associates, a debt for which he was only indirectly responsible, and which he might have evaded without serious impairment of his reputation. The strenuous labors of the years of lecturing and writing which enabled him to discharge in full the shadowy obligations which he then assumed took their toll of his vitality, but won for him an esteem higher than is ever the reward of the artist alone. This action ranks with the similar examples set by Scott and Curtis; it is one of those shining deeds that reveal the man himself, in contradistinction to the works by which most men of creative genius are contented to be known.

The attitude of criticism toward Mark Twain as a writer has undergone a slow but complete change during the past thirty years. From being thought of simply as a "funny man," of the kin of Josh Billings and Artemus Ward, he has gradually come to be recognized as one of our foremost men of letters. This is a profoundly significant transformation of opinion, and to account for it fully would require a more careful analysis than we here have space to undertake. The recognition has been unduly delayed, partly because so much of his output has been utterly unworthy of his best self, and partly because his work in its totality is of so nondescript a character. The conventional way to distinction in literature is by the fourfold path of the poem, the play, the novel, and the essay. Occasionally, also, an historian compels literary recognition. But Mark Twain was neither a poet nor a playwright nor an historian. He was hardly a novelist, either, for his share in "The Gilded Age" does not seriously count, and his work in the form of fiction is not remarkable as story-telling pure and simple. If we are to group him at all, it must be with the essayists, using that term elastically enough to include with him our own Irving, and such Englishmen as Swift and Carlyle. We must either do this, or fall back upon the *sui generis* solution of the problem. Again, if we make a subdivision of the essayist class for the humor-



ists alone, we encounter the difficulty offered by our obstinate association of that term with mere fun-making and the appeal to the lighter interests of human nature. Obviously, our subdivision must take yet another step, and admit that, on the one hand, there are humorists who make us laugh and have hardly any other influence over us, and humorists who are also creative artists, and critics of life in the deeper sense, and social philosophers whose judgments are of weight and import. If we are to classify Mark Twain at all, it must be with the latter distinguished company; and his title to kinship with the three English writers above mentioned, and even with such alien prototypes as Aristophanes and Rabelais and Cervantes, is at least not scornfully to be put aside.

#### BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

The survivor of the Norwegian Dioscuri — if a classical similitude be permissible in the case of two such sturdy Goths as Ibsen and Björnson — closed his eyes in Paris on the 26th of April. His death-bed was surrounded by the members of his family, and he passed peacefully away after an illness of many months. A less vigorous frame would not have gone through the crisis of last February, when his death was hourly expected. At that time, the critical journals of the world (*THE DIAL* included) paid their respects to his fame, and he had the unusual experience of living to read (if he cared for such entertainment) an extensive collection of what were, to all intents and purposes, his obituary tributes. His life was continued well along into his seventy-eighth year; and few lives have been so worthily lived, or made so helpful to human kind. His nation (become a nation largely through his efforts) mourns him as it mourned Ibsen, but with a difference; for he inspired love in no less measure than respect, and was a national figure in a deeper and more intimate sense than was ever his famous compeer. And the world mourns with Norway, for he has been a figure of cosmopolitan significance since that time in the seventies when his outlook became broadened, and he plunged into the main current of the stream of modern thought. Politics, sociology, science, education, and religion, have all been enriched by his activities and his intuitions. Yet it is probably as the singer of the people's songs, and as the artist who portrayed their simple lives and vivified their heroic and legendary past, that his fame will chiefly endure. Other ages will have new problems to face, and new prophets will arise to give guidance for their solution; but the poet of "Ja, vi elsker" and "Over de Høje Fjælde," the creator of "Synnøve Solbakken" and "Arne," the restorer of Sigurd Slembe and Olaf the Holy, is reasonably sure of immortality.

#### THE INTERREGNUM IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

"Authors, do not read your contemporaries," was the sage advice of Matthew Arnold. Authors, do not write about your contemporaries, is perhaps a better counsel, and one which I have tried to follow. I used to read my contemporaries religiously, — and I ought to have had a pension for my efforts in this line. But I did not think I could serve them or the public by criticising them, and for a good while I have busied myself with the things which I know are abiding.

But even to one who sports his oak to the present, a great silence outside may become audible, a great vacancy may make itself felt. I suppose everyone is agreed that we have in literature no recognized kings or princes of the blood, no glittering court which fixes all eyes. And that we had such regalities in the past, powers that were potent in their own day, is also recognized. What has come over us?

The late Thomas Bailey Aldrich, master of a magic flute, said, in a letter dated in 1891, that for the next twenty years poetry was going to have a hard time in America. Never was there a truer prophecy. But why?

The commonly received explanation is the materialism of the age, which in turn is due to the great advances in the physical sciences and to the enormous increase in wealth. Such explanation leaves me unconvinced. Mankind is always, in the main, material — is chiefly concerned with getting a living and having a good time. And other ages have equalled ours in scientific discovery, and, proportionally, in wealth. No recent material discovery is on the same plane with the finding of America and the establishment of the rotundity of the earth. No late scientific hypothesis equals the Copernican theory or the law of gravitation. No modern invention is so far-reaching in consequences as the inventions of printing, of the mariner's compass, or of gunpowder. And in the ages which saw these marvellous developments of science and discovery, religion and imagination, literature and art creation, walked abreast of the other activities of man. People did not stop going to church, or singing love or festal songs, or recounting the heroic legends of their race, because of Columbus or Galileo or Gutenberg, or Newton. If anything, the achievements of these men stimulated the mind of the world.

There is perhaps more plausibility in the wealth theory. Wealth, really, only respects wealth; and intellect, really, only respects intellect. The personages of the two camps do not come together very well. And of late the masses, dazzled by money and its uses, have weakened in fealty to intellect and turned their whole worship to the Golden Calf. But rich men have often stood by literature and art. The traditions of the English aristocracy, for instance, have always been to foster these — to the extent, at least, of buying books and objects of art. And rich nations have often gone art mad. The Athenians

did not become an art people until they acquired the spoils of the Persian War—until they won the gardens of the Cyclades, the commerce of the Mediterranean. No,—nations like individuals must be born with certain faculties or tendencies. "What is the best way to become beautiful?" asked a young girl of her doctor. "Well, my dear, the best way I know is to be born pretty." Perhaps America was behind the door when the fatal gift of beauty was given out.

But these are large considerations, and may be tossed about in a good many ways. It is better to come down to the actually appraisable tendencies and influences that have made for what at least seems to be a period of comparative dulness and poverty in American literature.

The preaching and practice of the dogmas of realism may account for some part of our weakness. I have never been able to attach much importance to the fanciful labels of classic, romantic, realistic, symbolic, and the like, which writers give themselves and fight for. There is a real distinction between the different forms of literature, between tragedy and comedy, the novel and the play, narrative and lyric poetry. But all literature is based on human nature, on the spectacle of the world, on the thoughts and dreams of men. The reports of these things differ according to the talents of the authors, but not by any set formulas. The Agamemnon is just as real as the last novel founded on the same theme of the unfaithful wife. So while our doctrinaires have filled our ears with the fury of their words, I do not believe they have done much harm beyond withdrawing writers too much from what Rossetti called "fundamental brain-work" and making them trust too much to observation. Miss Ellen Terry, in her Autobiography, says that when she first played Ophelia she went to the madhouse for models. But she found that she had to imagine first and observe afterwards. That, I judge, is really the law of all art. You must know what you want to do, and then take from nature the materials for doing it.

A more important cause for our comparative failure in pure literature is the American appetite for the didactic. Other and perhaps sounder nations are content to take part of their instruction in life from art, to absorb it from the examples in great literature. But with us nothing will do but the direct hortatory word. Dean Swift left his money to the Irish people to found a madhouse,—

"To prove by one satiric touch  
No nation needed it so much."

Possibly American authors have expended the exchequer of their intellects on the didactic, for a similar reason. Everyone preaches in America—our Presidents, the presidents of our colleges, magazine editors, and so on down the line. No wonder the clergy are overslaughed. They don't get half a chance. The word is taken from their mouths. Now the critic would be a fool indeed who would decry the province and power of the didactic in literature, or deny the nobility and usefulness of

the works it has brought forth. Two poets so important and opposed as Pope and Wordsworth are liege subjects of the Lord of Didacticism. And our own Emerson holds his titles from the same hand. To me it seems, however, that all these men are takers of second prizes. In pure literature, didacticism should be the sauce, not the *pièce de résistance*. The business of literature of the central type is to depict life—life real, great, grotesque, charming, ridiculous; life ideal, noble, and beautiful. And an overplus of moralizing spoils both the truth and beauty of the picture. Men of letters can afford to leave the direct preaching and enforcement of morals to the clergy, who are trained and paid to do such work.

If Beauty is the beginning of literature, tragedy is its culmination. It is certain that we do not love tragedy to-day in America. We put it aside as something black and unpleasant and intruding, like cockroaches or the *cimex lectularius*. That we had the feeling for it, the stern joy in it, in the past, is also sure. We read and applauded our great writers who explored the heights and abysses of human nature, who faced all the horrors and deaths of spirit and body, and rose above them, winged, exalted, victorious. As long as we refuse to deal with such losses and gains of life, we doom our literature to mediocrity.

Some of our critics explain our deficiency in greatness by the irreverence of our minds, by the lowness and vulgarity of our humor. Now I do not think our humor is irreverent enough or low enough or vulgar enough for that. Perhaps our humorists have not got it in them; but more probably they, like Dr. Holmes, do not dare to be as funny as they can. Public opinion compels them to be decent. Wit can be as genteel as it pleases; but great humor—the world-upsetting kind—can hardly exist without grossness. It is the foil to the noble side of life, and what is the use of a foil which tries to look as much as possible like its principal. Matthew Arnold, Puritan and precisian as he really was, has some coarse though not gross scenes in his *Friendship's Garland*—and his whole heart went out in critical approval of Burns's "Jolly Beggars" and the bestialities of Faust and Aristophanes. He knew what literature was, and always declined to accept dishwater or weak tea as efficient substitutes. Of our own men, Irving in the past was not afraid to be low. Of course all the great humorists of the world—Aristophanes, Boccaccio, Cervantes, Rabelais, Molière, Shakespeare, Sterne, Fielding, Goldsmith, Burns, Goethe, and Heine—have been utterly contemptuous of decency and the proprieties when they wanted to give the reality of the animal side of human life.

The magazines,—taking them in full—have done a good deal to depress the vitality and destroy the originality of our recent literature. A novel writer has his direct appeal to the public, but for the poet, essayist, or short-story writer, the magazine has been the only path of access. This has placed a great power and responsibility in the edi-

tor's hands. But for the most part these miscellanies are commercial undertakings. To pay, they must appeal to a wide public; and to reach this public they must give it what it understands and can appreciate. There must therefore be an inevitable leveling down that there may be some uplift. I have no doubt that the editors do their best to reconcile literature with an appeal to the masses. But their best, a little way off, does not loom large. I remember once being shut up alone in a house with a complete set of one of our oldest and most respected magazines. It was in a little inn on the top of Mount Mansfield; and for several days the fog hung over the mountain, so that I could not get about. Never mind, I thought, there is solace within! But as I turned over volume after volume of the magazine, and realized the mediocrity of the verses, the dullness of the essays, the tameness of the domesticated variety of the short-story, my soul grew dark within me, and I took my chances in the fog outside.

The late Charles A. Dana is reported to have said that he edited the New York "Sun" for an audience which was thirteen years old. Now my last indictment of our lateliterature is that it has been edited for women, who have been its main readers. Women, like the pretty realism which reproduces the everyday facts of their lives. With their practical instincts and craving for authority, they approve of didacticism, which seems to them plain good-sense. Although playful and witty, they have no great turn for humor, and coarseness disgusts them. They are in themselves the best exponents of Beauty, but they are by no manner of means the Beauty worshippers that men are. Their plastic sense is naturally weak, and hardly extends beyond an appreciation of pretty gewgaws; so that the form, color, picture, music of verse makes little appeal to them. What they demand in poetry is sentiment and emotion. Tragedy hurts them; it was the women who fainted when the Eumenides of Æschylus rushed upon the stage. They do not see the good of the crimes, horrors, and violence necessary in tragic work. Of course these are sweeping charges, and they are open to many exceptions; but in the large they are true. And certainly men do not want any general reformation in feminine nature in these respects. We are fairly content with women as they are. But if we are going to relegate altogether to them the reading of books, literature will of course follow the lines suited to their tastes and instincts.

Mr. Aldrich's period of probation is nearly past. After its twenty years wandering in the desert, Poetry may at last be coming to the Promised Land. In prose there are signs of a leavening and lightening of the vast soggy mass of realism, didacticism, and sentiment. Real creative imagination, real humor, real wit, begin to be apparent. But Poetry, with its balanced wings of sense and spirit, is the true angel that must move the waters. Until we believe in Poetry again, we shall not be saved.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY'S VAST ACCUMULATION OF TRASH — for such, in sober truth, much of our current literature will hereafter be adjudged to be — may well give us pause. At the recent dedication of the new building of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Mr. Charles Francis Adams took occasion to utter a warning against the indiscriminate preservation of printed matter. "I venture a confident opinion," he declared, "that the world of scholarship would be in no wise appreciably poorer if one-half, and that the larger half, of the printed matter now accumulated in our public libraries could tomorrow be obliterated — swept clean out of existence." With a book production yearly increasing, it is no wonder that library buildings designed to serve the needs of a century to come prove inadequate in a quarter of that time, or even in less. Yet who can anticipate the verdict of posterity on our present literary output, and so decide what ought to be kept and what discarded? The now familiar expedient (urged by Dr. Eliot) of providing a storage room or building for at least the temporary deposit of all likely candidates for oblivion, thus relieving the groaning shelves of the book-stack, is worth considering, even though the storage of inactive books is far more expensive than their summary destruction. The responsibility of deciding, periodically, what portion of a library's possessions should be committed to the flames is obviously greater than most librarians would care to assume. But to cull out, now and then, a few authors to be sent to the morgue, there to await a more or less remote posterity's mandate for their decent burial, would be a less serious matter; and at any moment a book thus provisionally offered as a prey to dumb forgetfulness could, on second thought, be restored to the warm precincts of the cheerful day and perhaps put once more into lively circulation. The whole problem, however, is so serious, so increasingly serious, that no off-hand solution of it is possible. Happily, like so many other diseases, this bibliothecal congestion will tend to work out its own cure, and it will be some time yet before our library book-stacks actually scrape the sky.

OVER-CAPITALIZATION IN LITERATURE — in the printed page — is a matter on which a few timely words may be said; as also a few words on under-capitalization. Capitals are a precious asset in the printer's art, and not to be treated frivolously. The reaction against the excessive and unmethodical capitalization of two centuries ago has itself been followed by something of a reaction in favor of the initial capital letter; and most effective that upper-case bit of type often proves as a mark of emphasis. But familiarity breeds contempt, and the reader ceases to be impressed as soon as the sprinkling of capitals turns into a steady down-pour. There is one use of the capital letter that has often seemed to us



an abuse, though it has excited no general comment. In quoting a German word, of the noun-class, why should we feel obliged to conform invariably to the German rule and distinguish the word with a capital? It is well enough to write *Kaiser* and *Königreich* and *Vaterland* with large initials if one chooses; but when it comes to *beinkleider* and *bleistift* and *tintenfass*, they deserve no such distinction at our hands, whatever the practice of the Teuton. Contrariwise, merely because the French (and the library-school graduates) write their book-titles with only an initial capital, unless proper names occur, why should we discard the old and approved usage of capitals for all nouns and other important words in the title? Excessive economy—parsimony, in fact—in the use of upper-case letters has long marked the typography of a leading New England newspaper whose reputation is national. There is a story that when a new compositor on this paper asked what rule to follow in the use of capitals, he was instructed by a fellow-compositor to confine their use to the founder of Christianity and the founder of the paper. The journal in question indulges in such eccentricities as "Bunker hill," "Connecticut river," "New haven railroad company," "Standard oil trust," and "the social democrat party," and in a late issue made the surprising statement, "We have crossed the rubicon." A small river, in truth, is the Rubicon, but surely of sufficient importance in Roman history to deserve a large initial letter. In this matter, as in so many others, there is a reasonable middle way between the extremes of excess and abstinence which the trained taste should find it not hard to follow.

"HOW TO LIVE ON TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY" is the effective title of a little book by Mr. Arnold Bennett, written some years ago, but practically discovered in America in the wake of the recent popularity of "The Old Wives' Tale." Many of the characters in Mr. Bennett's novels are of the type that "muddle along" and call it living; and he understands with peculiar completeness the commonplace person's attitude (or lack of attitude) toward life,—the sleepy, unthinking acquiescence in its conditions, dominated by a wish—not poignant enough to operate as a motive, but too strong to make real contentment possible—that he had "more time" for the things that count. "More time," says Mr. Bennett, is one of a very few things that nobody can get. You can neither buy, beg, nor lose your quota of time. No matter how shamefully you misuse one hour, another undeviatingly follows. The thing to do, then, is to cease wishing for the impossible, and to realize that if you work, let us say, eight hours, and sleep seven or eight, you still have eight or nine hours a day in which to live, with mind as well as body. In the little book above referred to, and in a similar collection of articles on "The Reasonable Life," Mr. Bennett makes trenchant suggestions on the vitalizing of dull, purposeless evenings, the utilizing of time spent in getting to

and from work, the application to the quickening and development of the mind of the ideas that are rife nowadays about physical culture. He proposes no spectacular scheme of self-cultivation; "slow and sure" is his motto. But most of his readers will be perplexed indeed to know what becomes of those extra eight or nine hours, and will be inclined to try some of Mr. Bennett's simple expedients for filling one or two of them.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S DRAMATIC THEME has always been justice to the under dog. Recently he has used "Justice" as the title of a play which, in grim simplicity of motive and action and in utter absence of stage conventions and dramatic "effects," is even less theatrical, if possible, than his three plays that have preceded it. The brief is strong just because it makes no pretension to being unassailable. Its unfolding has been followed with the tensest interest at the Repertory Theatre in London, and it is said that Mr. Winston Churchill, after listening attentively through a performance, immediately instituted several reforms in prison management suggested by the experiences of the hero, Falder, who is "sent up" for three years for raising a cheque. He does raise the check, his motive being a desire to free a woman friend from the tyranny and abuse of a cruel husband. Whether he was at the moment crazed by love and worry, is the legal point at issue; the vital one being whether the law is justified,—for the boy's life is ruined, and incidentally the woman's, before justice has run its course. A fussy old barrister's clerk with a heart furnishes the humor, without which this "alice of life" would be unbearably grim. The very restrained style of the play is hard on the reader—and on the actor too, at the same time that it furnishes him with his great opportunity.

THE POWER OF THE APT PHRASE can hardly be overestimated. The late Professor Sumner of Yale declared in his last book that "an educated man ought to be beyond the reach of suggestion from advertisements, newspapers, speeches, and stories." Nevertheless, a live man must and will react on his environment, and the seductions of clever advertisements, adroit headlines, persuasive speeches, and interesting stories must be resisted if they are not yielded to; they cannot leave an intelligently alert person absolutely indifferent. Hence the powerful influence exerted by men who can put thoughts that breathe into words that burn. How many a man and woman has been moved to the expression, wise or unwise, of righteous indignation by that little phrase of Burke's "a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue," or has been taught patience by that other phrase of his, "Custom reconciles us to everything"! "A wise and salutary neglect" has been the salvation of many young persons wholly ignorant of their debt to the coiner of the phrase. Franklin's assertion that "there never was a good war or a bad peace" has contributed, who knows how much, to international harmony, as his equally



famous saying that "in this world nothing is certain but death and taxes" has helped many of us to bear philosophically the vicissitudes of our lot. That there is a one best way, or supremely effective way, to state an important truth, who that has picked up a few of the immortal phrases of literature and of proverbial philosophy can doubt?

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THE STEADY DEMAND FOR THE FAVORITE OLD BOOKS reveals an element of strength and permanency that is in encouraging contrast with the insatiate craving for the latest popular novelty in literature. Recent investigation has proved that, with the Bible and Shakespeare heading the list of constant sellers, Scott (especially his "Ivanhoe"), Hawthorne ("The Scarlet Letter" first and foremost), Thackeray ("Vanity Fair" particularly), and Dickens (both in "Pickwick" and "David Copperfield"), are in large and unflagging demand. Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" still appeals strongly to book-buyers, and is said, perhaps with some exaggeration, to bring in about forty thousand dollars a year to the author's family. Strikingly inferior is the popularity of both his earlier novel "The Fair God" and his later effort "The Prince of India." An encouraging symptom is the large public demand for the leading poets, Longfellow outdistancing all competitors in this country, with Whittier in second place. Tennyson and Browning also have each a strong following, and the sale of FitzGerald's "Omar," since the expiration of copyright twenty years ago, has been such as would have struck the modest translator (or adaptor, rather) dumb with amazement.

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THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE PRENTICE PEN are delightfully unrestricted. What new and epoch-making contribution the young writer shall make to literature, it rests with himself to determine. A striking proof of the young and unknown author's power to command attention, and to win sure reward for good work well done, was lately furnished in London, where a publisher, Mr. Andrew Melrose, had offered a handsome prize of two hundred and fifty guineas for the best novel submitted in open competition. One hundred and sixty manuscripts were offered, and were passed upon by three competent judges — Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, Miss Mary Cholmondeley, and Mrs. Henry de la Pasture; and the winning novel, "A Marriage under the Terror," is found to be a "first performance" as a novel, the writer, "Patricia Wentworth," having produced hitherto only short stories. Sanguine expectations of a brilliant success for "A Marriage under the Terror" are entertained.

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THE PRINTER'S ART AS A BRANCH OF LIBERAL CULTURE, or at least of business education, is now made a subject of university instruction at Harvard. A course in the history of printing is offered in the Fine Arts department, and a course on the technique of printing is given in the recently established Busi-

ness School. The materials and processes — paper, ink, type, printing machinery, and so on — are to be studied under the tuition of experts. An advanced course, including visits to various printing-houses, and exercises in preparation of copy, proof-reading, catalogue-making, and other details of printing and publishing, is also in prospect. If the art of printing can thus be restored to something like its dignity and importance in the days of the Elzevirs and the Aldines, possibly we may be consoled for the loss sustained in the process by Virgil and Cicero, Homer and Sophocles and Plato. Certainly it is a far cry from the Greek, Latin, and mathematics of the old-time college to the multitudinous and more or less "practical" courses and schools of the modern university.

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OF INTEREST TO STRATFORD VISITORS this summer will be the forthcoming "Catalogue of the Books, Manuscripts, Works of Art, Antiquities, and Relics, at present exhibited in Shakespeare's Birthplace," issued by the trustees of said birthplace for the use of that large fraction of the touring public which yearly pays its tribute of curiosity and cash to the famous town on the Avon. The catalogue is described as containing sixty-one illustrations of objects on exhibition, among them being facsimiles of Shakespeare signatures and of title-pages to early editions of his works, with occasional literary and historical annotations.

#### COMMUNICATION.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ AND THE CARNEGIE FUND.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I find on page 264 of your issue of April 16 a statement in regard to my lifelong friend Dr. Alexander Agassiz, which in justice to him and to the Carnegie Scientific Institution of Washington needs to be corrected. The statement is, in substance, that Agassiz was offered \$75,000 for conducting some deep-sea soundings on condition that the enterprise should be known as the Carnegie-Agassiz Expedition, and that he declined the offer and found the money elsewhere.

Together with Dr. John Billings, I spent a night with Mr. Agassiz and arranged that we should offer him \$50,000 from the Carnegie Fund to enable us to place several men of science on his exploring vessel, who would carry on researches somewhat different from those in which he expected to be engaged. There was no condition made as to the name of the expedition, which was always mentioned in the papers of the Carnegie Scientific Institution as the "Agassiz Expedition," and never had associated with its title even the name Carnegie.

Some time before the expedition started, Mr. Agassiz made up his mind that he preferred to carry on the expedition without assistance; and as it was so arranged, we of the Carnegie Institution took no part in his venture. It is therefore not true that he was offered \$75,000, and that he promptly declined; and untrue that any condition as to a name for the enterprise was attached to the offer of assistance. WEIR MITCHELL.

Philadelphia, April 21, 1910.

### The New Books.

#### THE "HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER" REVEALED.\*

Probably nearly every reader of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" — that pioneer in a school of fiction that has had a numerous following, though none of the zealous imitators has yet imperilled the supremacy of the original model — has been inclined to regard the Schoolmaster's experiences as the more or less faithful autobiography of the writer. It is therefore likely to surprise many readers of Mr. George Cary Eggleston's "Recollections of a Varied Life" to learn that not Edward, but his younger brother George, the author of these "Recollections," was the Schoolmaster so well depicted in the novel. Edward Eggleston's feebleness of health debarred him from active pursuits and constrained him to turn, not unwillingly, to his pen as a means of support; and it was his brother's pedagogic difficulties and triumphs at Riker's Ridge, in Indiana, that appealed to the novelist's fancy, and at a critical moment rescued from failure and bankruptcy that excellent old story-paper, "Hearth and Home." Sundry homely details characteristic of Hoosier life in the fifties, told with the convincing force of actual experience, are now added to the necessarily embroidered account of that life as given in the story.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston calls himself, near the close of his volume, "an extemporaneous writer" — the sort of writer developed by the stress and strain of metropolitan journalism; and his brisk narrative has all the excellences, and not many of the defects, of the trained journalist. The reader is spared all introductory or genealogical matter, and all that is of a family nature or of interest chiefly to the writer himself. Plunging into the midst of things, Mr. Eggleston tells us, rapidly and effectively, what sort of a life he has led since his birth at Vevay, Indiana, seventy years ago, and what kind of persons, celebrated or obscure, he has had intercourse with in his varied, and, for a man of letters, rather eventful, course. His family is of Virginia extraction, and in the Old Dominion he himself passed a few of his adolescent years and received the latter part of his academic training. His enthusiasm for things and persons Virginian, well known to readers of his romances, finds additional warm expression in these retrospections, wherein also

he not unnaturally deplores the passing of the old order, the displacement of the Southern planter by the Yankee farmer, and the invasion of the cotton-mill and all the unloveliness of factory life where once were to be enjoyed the courtliness and the leisure of the broad-acred Virginia plantation.

So warmly did the young Eggleston espouse the cause of his adopted State that when the Civil War broke out there seems not to have been the slightest hesitation on his part which side of the quarrel to make his own. Enlisting early and serving to the end, the young cavalryman evidently found his life in the field much to his taste; at least he treats us to very little of the horrors of war, but to not a few agreeable pictures of the freedom and adventure he enjoyed during those four years of campaigning. Of his life in general in the South, and of the peculiar virtues of Southerners, he has much to say which, in its warmth of eulogy, taxes the reader's credulity. But he earnestly protests that he is not exaggerating, and it is certainly far pleasanter to believe than to doubt him. He must, however, have been placed in somewhat exceptional surroundings if one may judge from such passages as the following.

"Both the young men and the young women read voluminously — the young men in part, perhaps, to equip themselves for conversational intercourse with the young women. They both read polite literature, but they read history also with a diligence that equipped them with independent convictions of their own, with regard to such matters as the conduct of Charlotte Corday, the characters of Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre, the ungentlemanly treatment given by John Knox to Mary Queen of Scots, and all that sort of thing. Indeed, among the Virginia women, young and old, the romantic episodes of history, ancient, mediæval, and modern, completely took the place, as subjects of conversation, of those gossiping personalities that make up the staple of conversation among women generally."

Soon after the close of the war, young Mr. Eggleston removed to Illinois, and thence to Mississippi, where he began and ended his brief and unstimulating experience of the law as a profession. Forsaking this, "in the profoundest disgust," for journalism, and for literature in a wider sense, he betook himself, with wife and child, to New York and secured work as a reporter on the Brooklyn "Union," of which Theodore Tilton was then editor, having recently left "The Independent." The enterprise and what he himself calls the "cheek" of the would-be journalist are illustrated by his very first contribution to his newspaper. While waiting for his first assignment he wrote an article and sent it in to Mr. Tilton, who liked it and printed it

\* RECOLLECTIONS OF A VARIED LIFE. By George Cary Eggleston. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

as a "leader." Throughout Mr. Eggleston's "varied life," he has manifestly had a happy faculty for landing always on his feet and for making a success of whatever he has undertaken. He says of himself that he has always been "intensely in earnest," and that may help to explain his unfailing effectiveness in any activity claiming his attention.

Among the many famous men, chiefly men of letters, with whom Mr. Eggleston has had dealings, professional or friendly, Bryant is one whom we are glad to be made better acquainted with from the personal anecdotes of the great editor's assistant on the "Evening Post." Contraverting Lowell's commonly-accepted description of him in "A Fable for Critics," where he appears as cold and unresponsive by nature, Mr. Eggleston says:

"The lack of warmth usually attributed to Mr. Bryant I found to be nothing more than the personal reserve common to New Englanders of culture and refinement, plus an excessive personal modesty and a shyness of self-revelation and self-intrusion which is usually found only in young girls just budding into womanhood. Mr. Bryant shrank from self-assertion even of the most impersonal sort, as I never knew any other human being to do. He cherished his own opinions strongly, but he thrust them upon nobody. His dignity was precious to him, but his only way of asserting it was by withdrawal from any conversation or company that trespassed upon it. Above all, emotion was a sacred thing, not to be exploited or even revealed. In ordinary intercourse with his fellow-men he hid it away as one instinctively hides the privacies of the toilet. He could no more lay his feelings bare to common scrutiny than he could have taken his bath in the presence of company. In the intimate talks he and I had together during the last half-dozen years of his life, he laid aside his reserve, so far as it was possible for a man of his sensitive nature to do, and I found him not only warm in his human sympathies, but even passionate."

Mr. Eggleston's long experience as literary editor gives weight to his opinion in matters of literary ethics. His judgment concerning anonymity in literary criticism is apparently reflected in what he quotes from Bryant under this head. "I regard an anonymous literary criticism," said the poet on one occasion to Mr. Eggleston, "as a thing quite as despicable, unmanly, and cowardly as an anonymous letter. It is something that no honorable man should write, and no honorably conducted newspaper should publish." It is true that most of the reviews in the "Post" were unsigned in Bryant's day (as now), but he maintained that in letting it be generally known who was the literary editor of that journal he had removed the stigma of anonymity from them.

As Mr. Eggleston devotes most of his chapters to those early days of young hope and

boundless possibilities with which he entered on his life-work, there is no lack of stimulus and freshness in his pages. In writing his first book, a manual entitled "How to Educate Yourself," for "Putnam's Handy Book Series," he says that he had the advantage of comparative youth and of that self-confident omniscience which only youth can have. "I knew everything then," he continues, "better than I know anything now, so much better, indeed, that for a score of years past I have not dared open the little book, lest it rebuke my present ignorance beyond my capacity to endure." The account of his early good-fortune in being solicited to write "A Rebel's Recollections" for "The Atlantic," and of the genesis of various other works from his pen, with the record of his busy life as a journalist in New York, is full of interest. The chapters are short, and the reader's attention is gladly given to their brisk recital of incident and anecdote. The writer's brief closing description of his working habits is likely to be of help to young followers of literature or journalism. The "extemporaneous" element in the book, while freeing it from any evidence of labor, any smell of the lamp, betrays itself less admirably in an occasional mark of carelessness, as in the use of *compte* as the French form of *count*, and in the neither French nor English *seigniors*. There are no pictures in the volume, not even a frontispiece portrait of the author. Something of Bryant's "shyness of self-revelation and self-intrusion" has indeed been shown by Mr. Eggleston in this respect as in others; and who shall say his book is not all the better for it? PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### SOME ENGLISH ROMANTIC POETS.\*

Current essays in literary criticism are numerous enough, but it is a rare volume which really takes its readers further along than they were before. It is therefore with pleasure that we take account of Mr. Arthur Symons's substantial volume of criticism on certain British poets who in their time contributed to the modern development of natural feeling and the feeling for nature in English poetry. It is a book over which the discerning reader will felicitate himself as he reads, and the literary student — even though a critic — grow decorously enthusiastic as he writes.

There are, of course, spots upon which criti-

\* THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH POETRY. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.



cism may light. There is, first of all, a disappointment in store for those who take the volume in hand with expectations naturally aroused by the title. The book is not a treatise upon the Romantic Movement at all. In his preface the author explains that he does not use the term in its usual historical sense. There is, from his point of view, nothing in this development of English poetry so definite as a conscious "movement." In the Tractarian Movement, for example, there was a definite aim which set many minds working together. "No such thing ever happened in the creation of literature." These romanticists among the poets were comrades, to be sure, but not colleagues; they should therefore be studied as individuals. And so in the bulk of the volume we find a collection of critical estimates in which some eighty or ninety versifiers are considered in chronological order, and in which a valuation is placed upon their work. A brief Introduction, of less than twenty pages, contains all that Mr. Symons cares to say about what we usually term the Romantic Movement; and here he defines the phrase as meaning "simply the reawakening of the imagination, a reawakening to a sense of beauty and strangeness in natural things, and in all the impulses of the mind and senses. That reawakening was not always a conscious one."

Nor will the plan of selection adopted by the critic in his choice of poets for consideration commend itself to everyone. No method of limitation could be more arbitrary. The year 1800 is fixed upon as a centre for Mr. Symons's chronological compasses, and the sweep of his instrument includes all the romantic poets who, born previous to that year, survived it. As fate arranged, therefore, it is John Horne (1722-1808) who heads the list of these romanticists, since he chanced to be the oldest British versifier who survived the century; and it is Thomas Hood (1799-1845) who closes the list, because, apparently, no other romantic poet claims the closing year of the century as that of his birth.

However, it is for Mr. Symons to write of whom he pleases, and it is hardly worth while to quarrel with him for thus excluding from his pages the earlier leaders in the movement—Gray, Cowper, Thomson, and Burns. Of Burns, to be sure, the author does have a few suggestive words to say in his Introduction, but he gives no adequate study of the Scotch poet.

Quibbling aside, there is abundance of interesting material in these pages. It is worth while, perhaps, just to have one's memory refreshed regarding the significance of those half-forgotten

if not altogether unknown names. Who was John Horne, for example? Little of his work has survived his own day, yet two lines in his play of "Douglas" were familiar to us when we were schoolboys:

"My name is Norval; on the Grampion Hills  
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain."

And here appears Dr. Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802), physician, natural philosopher, and didactic poet, the distinguished grandsire of the more distinguished Charles; with his "Loves of the Plants" and his "Temple of Nature," in whom Imagination mated with Science, producing some strange results. Describing a statue of Lot's wife in the salt-mines of Cracow, he notes:

"Cold dews condense upon her pearly breast,  
And the big tear rolls lucid down her vest."

John Wolcott (1735-1803) follows, more easily recognized under the pen-name of "Peter Pindar"—with his

"desultory way of writing,  
A hop and step and jump way of inditing."

William Combe (1741-1823) is another writer whose name rests upon the memory with less weight than that of "Dr. Syntax," the pseudonym under which he wrote. It now occurs to us that in our youth we curiously studied over two or three volumes of Dr. Syntax's "Tours," but it is a surprise to learn that this gentleman was the author of some eighty publications, of which none has really survived.

If the names already cited are unfamiliar, those of a little group of women contemporary with these men are still alive. Here are Mrs. Barbauld and Joanna Baillie; and Hannah More, of pious memory, whose sacred dramas, we are assured, are "still readable on a dull afternoon." It may well be that few now read the verses which these ladies wrote; but this can hardly be said of Carolina, Lady Nairne (1766-1845), whose lilting songs—"The Laird of Cockpen," "Caller Herrin'," and "The Land o' the Leal"—make their appeal to-day as freshly as when first written. It was Lady Nairne, by the way, whose "admiration of Burns showed itself in the desire to publish a 'purified' edition of his songs"; but whose practical good sense led her to see that some of the ploughman's best poems "wouldn't be purified," and finally to abandon the scheme. There is an interesting note upon the two sisters, Ann and Jane Taylor, joint authors of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," which contains the following comment. It will strike an American ear oddly enough.

"The talents of Jane were more considerable than those of Ann. She is something what Longfellow would like to have been; but her art is far above his."



There is not much space for personal history in these severely condensed paragraphs of critical comment, but Mr. Symons has found room here and there for a few details. The reader is often touched by their pathos. There was Robert Bloomfield, a country boy, and afterward a tailor in a London garret. There he wrote rural tales, ballads, and nature poems; thirty thousand copies of "The Farmer's Boy" were sold in three years; he was lionized and patronized, and then left to die in poverty. "Had he lived longer he would probably have gone mad." Robert Tannahill worked at a loom in Paisley all his life, making his songs as he worked, like Hans Sachs on his cobbler's bench. He went "melancholy-mad," burned his manuscripts, and drowned himself in the river. George Beattie, the crofter's son, who wrote much about "grisly ghaists" and "whinnering goblins," shot himself because of disappointment in love. On the other hand, there was the experience of William Nicholson, son of a Galloway carrier, who became a peddler, printed his own poems and took them about in his pack. "He went to fairs as singer and piper; then took to drink, and a new gospel which he wanted to preach to the King; but, coming back unsatisfied, became a drover." Most romantic of all, perhaps, was the career of James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," who began at seven by herding cows on the hills of Selkirk. At twenty he could not write the alphabet; but at twenty-six he began to make up verses in his head. Having heard "Tam O'Shanter" recited by a half-daft person, he resolved to be a poet and to fill Burns's place in the world. And he did become a poet—a poet of such pretensions that Mr. Symons devotes ten pages of comment to his work.

The general reader of this book will turn with natural interest to those sections which deal with the greater poets—Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. And here Mr. Symons's critical strength is most forcibly recognized. His discussion of Wordsworth's poetical quality is one of the best that has been written.

"Sincerity was at the root of all Wordsworth's merits and defects; it gave him his unapproachable fidelity to nature; and also his intolerable fidelity to his own whims. Like Emerson, whom he so often resembled, he respected all intuitions; but, unlike Emerson, did not always distinguish between a whim and an intuition."

Such is the critic's point of view as indicated at the beginning of the section. In his criticism of individual poems, therefore, he consistently deprecates the "Laodamia" as "an attempt to be classic."

"Here Wordsworth would be Greek as the Greeks were, or rather as they seem to us, at our distance from them, to be; and it is only in single lines that he succeeds, all the rest of the poem showing an effort to be something not himself. Thus this profoundly natural poet becomes for once, as Matthew Arnold has noted, 'artificial' in a poem which has been classed among his masterpieces."

It is interesting to find that Mr. Symons himself considers "The Leech-Gatherer" (or "Resolution and Independence") to be Wordsworth's "greatest, as it is certainly his most characteristic," poem. This assertion, while perhaps unconventional, is altogether consistent, and to many a lover of that realistic, homely, yet eloquent parable, it is exceedingly gratifying. Ideally characteristic of the poet this composition surely is; among the compositions typical of Wordsworth, which other is more admirable than this?

Of Scott, the critic says: "The novelist died . . . in 1825; but the poet committed suicide, with Harold the Dauntless, in 1817." For Sir Walter's poetry he has no admiration and scant patience.

"Scott's verse [his long poems] is written for boys, and boys, generation after generation, will love it with the same freshness of response . . . Byron usually follows Scott in the boy's head, and drives out Scott, as that infinitely greater, though imperfect, force may well do. Shelley often completes the disillusion. But it is well, perhaps, that there should be a poet for boys, and for those grown-up people who are most like boys; for those, that is, to whom poetry appeals by something in it which is not the poetry."

Byron, he declares "has power without wisdom, power which is sanity, and human at heart, but without that vision which is wisdom." Byron's *ennui* "was made up of many elements, but it was partly of that most incurable kind which comes from emptiness rather than overfulness; the *ennui* of one to whom thought was not satisfying, without sustenance in itself, but itself a cause of restlessness, like a heady wine drunk in solitude." In writing of Shelley, Mr. Symons says:

"There are two kinds of imagination, that which embodies and that which disembodies. Shelley's is that which disembodies, filling mortal things with unearthly essences or veiling them with unearthly raiment. Wordsworth's imagination embodies, concentrating spirit into man, and nature into a wild flower."

Keats is described as the artist "to whom art is more than life, and who, if he realises that 'Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty,' loves truth for being beautiful and not beauty for its innermost soul of spiritual truth."

These passages are fairly illustrative of our author's critical attitude. His comments are

incisive, sound, and stimulating. Originality of view and definiteness of judgment are stamped on every dictum. It is not necessary to add that Mr. Symons writes with the pen of a literary artist, but it is proper to say that half the pleasure derived from the book is due to this fact. Felicitous phrases and terse epigrams brighten the paragraphs and illuminate the criticism.

"Thus, Setebos, storming because Mephistopheles

Gave him the lie,

Said he 'd 'blacken his eye,'

And dashed in his face a whole cup of hot coffee-lees."

This illustrates what Mr. Symons terms the "cascading of cadences" in "The Ingoldsby Legends." In describing the songs of Tanna-hill, he speaks of "that almost inarticulate jingle and twinkle which goes with the genuine gallop of the Scottish tongue." "Pope," he says, "is the most finished artist in prose who ever wrote in verse." Again: "Where other poets use reality as a spring-board into space, Blake uses it as a foothold on his return from flight."

This is indeed a book which reflects the positive personality of a brilliant mind. It is not without eccentricities of opinion, nor are its judgments infallible; but it is a volume thoroughly worth while. It really takes its reader further on.

W. E. SIMONDS.

#### A CLASSIC OF BIOLOGICAL LITERATURE.\*

In 1900 appeared the introductory part of the first volume of the original German edition of Hugo De Vries's *mutationstheorie*. This work has recently been translated into English with the title, "The Mutation Theory: Experiments and Observations on the Origin of Species in the Vegetable Kingdom." Volume I., "The Origin of Species by Mutation," has already been issued. If not epoch-making, this work in the original edition was at least epoch-marking. In conjunction with the then recently rediscovered work of the Austrian monk, Gregor Mendel, regarding the method by which characters are inherited, the ideas of De Vries served to stimulate investigators all over the world to undertake experimental studies of the basic problems of organic evolution. No period of anything like equal length in the history of biology has

\*THE MUTATION THEORY: Experiments and Observations on the Origin of Species in the Vegetable Kingdom. By Hugo De Vries. In two volumes, translated by J. B. Farmer and A. D. Darbishire. Volume I., Origin of Species by Mutation. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

approached the last decade in respect to the quantity of reliable experimental data collected regarding the factors of evolution and their operation. The Darwinian and neo-Darwinian schools of evolutionary thought, in the very nature of the case, did not stimulate experimental lines of investigation. Their teaching was that the progressive changes of organic structure and function which we call evolution are things which proceed by the slow and gradual accumulation of exceedingly minute variations by a process of natural selection. But if it takes centuries to make any definite progress in evolution, what chance might a graduate student yearning for a doctorate, or a university instructor struggling for an increase in salary and rank, be supposed to have of getting anywhere in an experimental study of evolution? *Vita brevis est*; and one was much surer of "results" by embarking upon a speculative discussion of the relation of existing animals and plants to hypothetical primitive forms, assumed to have been acted upon by a hypothetical environment, or some similar subject.

To De Vries, perhaps more than to any other man, is due the credit of having brought about an entire change of the prevailing viewpoint in regard to the study of evolution. He saw clearly that the only way to get the investigation of evolution out of the slough of metaphysical despond in which it had so long floundered was precisely by the application of the experimental method to its problems. Through a long period of years he carried on a most brilliant and thorough experimental investigation aimed at the determination of how new varieties and species are as a matter of fact actually produced. The results of this investigation are embodied in the book under review. It is a substantial and enduring work of reference, rather than a popular treatise. Its place in the library is beside Darwin's "Origin" and "Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication."

The first volume of "The Mutation Theory" is divided into two parts. The first part is occupied with a critical review of current theories of evolution, particularly those relating to the effect of selection. This is followed by a presentation of the author's theory of the origin of species by mutation. Part II. contains the detailed account of De Vries's experiments and observations regarding the production of new elementary species in the evening primrose (*oenothera*). The general result of this work is to demonstrate that new species have arisen in this genus suddenly by the appearance of a new

form which thereafter breeds true, and does not revert to the parent form. This process is called mutation, by the author. It is contended that evolution in general has proceeded by such discontinuous steps, rather than by the gradual accumulation of minute variations. De Vries makes no denial of the importance of natural selection, but believes that its chief function is not to create, but rather to determine which mutations shall survive in the struggle for existence. The limitations of the Mutation Theory as a general theory of Evolution must be settled by future investigation; but there can be no doubt that this masterly work of De Vries's will long rank as a classic of biological literature.

RAYMOND PEARL.

#### AN AMERICAN SOLDIER AND MYSTIC.\*

A remarkable character is revealed in the Diary of General Ethan Allen Hitchcock, extracts from which have been edited by the veteran author and journalist W. A. Croffut, and published under the title "Fifty Years in Camp and Field." The Diary covers almost the whole of the active life of General Hitchcock. It was begun soon after his graduation from West Point in 1817, and the last entry was made more than fifty years later. It gives information upon Hitchcock's life while instructor and commandant at West Point, where he trained many of the prominent Civil War generals; upon his services on the Western frontier, in the Seminole Wars in Florida, and in the Mexican and Civil Wars. The work is not only a source of information about Hitchcock himself, but a side-light thrown upon the public matters and policies of the time. The editor tells us that the hundreds of volumes of the Diary are filled mainly with Hitchcock's notes on his reading and with his own philosophical reflections, while only slight space is given to the details of his army life. However, somewhat more is said in the Diary about public questions of the day. In selecting material for publication the editor has omitted all except the most striking of the philosophical reflections, and has printed the more interesting personal notes and the comments on public matters and men.

The Diary discloses an interesting character—a soldier well read in all the branches of litera-

ture, philosophy, and science; a scholar who was an accomplished military organizer and executive; a philosopher of inquisitive mind, who, while he sat in courts-martial, inspected armies, or commanded districts, "took more pleasure in the infinite than in the finite, in metaphysics than in physics, in the occult than in the obvious." But it was chiefly as a soldier that the world knew General Hitchcock. He tells us that he went into the military profession, not because he was attracted to it, but because his people thought it to be the proper vocation for the grandson of the hero of Ticonderoga. Yet he was one of the most accomplished of American soldiers, as the positions held by him indicate. And probably no other good soldier was ever quite so independent in speech and with pen, so nearly insubordinate at times. The entries in the Diary show that he was a frequent "protestant" against the rulings or policies of commanding officers, of the War Department, and of the President. And his protests were usually effective. At times he must have been very troublesome. The Diary mentions a dozen instances of issues between Hitchcock and some superior authority. He was sent by the West Point authorities to protest against President Andrew Jackson's interference with the discipline of cadets, and he roundly scolded "Old Hickory." He openly said that the Seminole Indians were cruelly treated, defrauded, and lied to by the government officials, and insisted that only a policy of conciliation would succeed in pacifying Florida, that he "never did believe in Harney's method of dealing with Indians—to hang them wherever they were found—but in friendly overtures." In Florida he was finally given leave to try his plan; and it succeeded. In the West he made much trouble for the politicians, but saved the Winnebagoes and the Cherokees from being defrauded and despoiled.

General Hitchcock read aright the signs of American expansion in the Southwest. As early as 1836 he predicted the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, and a later dissolution of the Union. He condemned both the Texan War and the Mexican War as being caused by American greed for land. Stationed, in 1836, on the Texan frontier, he came to the conclusion that the Texan War for independence was only a land-grabbing movement inspired from Washington. His Diary relates the story of the solitary individual who was making his way with long strides across Kentucky, with long rifle on shoulder and bullets in his belt. Someone asked him, "Where are

\* FIFTY YEARS IN CAMP AND FIELD. Diary of Major-General Ethan Allen Hitchcock, U.S.A. Edited by W. A. Croffut, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



you going?" "To Texas." "What for?" "To fight for my rights." In Hitchcock's opinion, most "rights" on the Texan frontier were of this kind. In his note-books he recorded:

"I am puzzled what to do. I regard the whole of the proceedings in the Southwest as being wicked as far as the United States are concerned. Our people have provoked the war [1836] with Mexico, and are prosecuting it not for 'liberty' but for land. And I feel averse to being an instrument for these purposes.

"Our people ought to be damned for their impudent arrogance and domineering presumption! It is enough to make atheists of us all to see such wickedness in the world, whether punished or unpunished.

"We have certain intelligence that J. K. Polk is elected President over Henry Clay. . . . I look upon this as a step toward annexation of Texas first, and then, in due time, the separation of the Union."

He criticized the government for the policy leading up to the Mexican War, for claiming the Rio Grande as the boundary, and for its treatment of Scott and Taylor; but when the war actually began he took a prominent part in it, and became so interested that he quit reading and writing philosophy — the first time and the last time that such a thing happened in his life.

As an historical document, the *Diary* is of most value for the light it will give the future historians of the Mexican War. It is a genuine inside view. The comments and information about Taylor, Scott, and other generals, about the battles and the campaigns of the war, the conditions in Mexico and the politics in the army, will be worth much to the investigator in this unpromising field. It is here, too, that the *Diary* is fullest. For the Civil War period it is less valuable. There are some good things about the political methods of the War Department, and some sharp criticism of the confused military policies that were evolved at Washington by civilians. Of Secretary Stanton, Hitchcock recorded this opinion:

"He has no general principles of action. He decides a point one way one day, and a week later, forgetting his decision and having no definite principles to go by, he decides the same point another way. He authorizes a particular proceeding, and, within a week perhaps, the circumstances being exactly the same, he flies into a passion with someone for having followed his first decision."

Here and there throughout the book we gain glimpses of Hitchcock's peculiar personality. He mentions "my abomination—a card-table"; when others were drinking, he retired to his room "and thought about infinity"; at Fort Jesup, when the officers had the choice of attending a horse-race or going to a gander-pulling, Hitchcock "took up the *Meditations*

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, that heathen of Spinoza." He did not swear, he read much, he was quiet; he liked music extravagantly, and played on the flute. It is easy to see that with the generally uncultured officers of the twenties and thirties he could not be a favorite. Under date of February 16, 1835, he gives this glimpse of life at an army outpost.

"I am in a peculiar situation here. I do not wish to depreciate the merits of my brother officers, but it is certain that their habits if not their tastes are different from mine, and, while a majority of them congregate and either play cards or smoke or drink or all three together, I am left in solitude or compelled to choose between those resorts and the company of the few ladies there are at the Prairie. . . . I am certainly out of place here. My life is calculated to make me an object of envy and hate to most of those around men. In the first place, I do not join in any of the vices of the garrison—not one. I neither drink, play cards, nor even indulge in the smallest license of language. Next, I am disposed to literature, and sometimes indicate that I read or think; and it is mostly in a field unexplored by others. I visit the ladies, and am almost the only officer who does visit the ladies; and this is calculated to move to jealousy."

But as the quality of the army officers improved, Hitchcock became more reconciled, and even found a few congenial spirits who preferred Plato and Spinoza to gambling and drinking.

Like his grandfather, Hitchcock was an independent thinker about matters of religion. Soon after finishing his West Point course, he began his philosophical studies. He explained in his *Diary* that, having begun to doubt the stories of Jonah and Balaam's Ass, he endeavored to find out "what a certain class of men called philosophers thought of God and man and life." Thenceforward philosophy was his religion,— "a faith freed," he said, "from the gross superstitions which give so many religions of the world a forbidding aspect." He kept standing orders for works on philosophy with booksellers in the United States and London, and he read all that could be had on the subject. Wherever he went he carried his books, until he reached California, when he sold them to the City of San Francisco to form the beginning of the present Mercantile Library. A typical entry in his *Diary* says: "My box of books has come — near \$200 worth, including Behman, Cudworth, Napier, Niebuhr's *Rome*, Scaliger, Bentham, Strauss, and the *Bhagavat Gita*." In his old age he became interested in the works of the alchemists and in the hermetic philosophy which would find hidden meanings in mediæval writings. During the Civil War he published several books on the hermetic philosophy. Of all the philosophers, he was most impressed by Spinoza,



"that God-intoxicated man." Hitchcock himself was Spinoza-intoxicated. He had editions of Spinoza's *Ethics* in French, German, and Latin, in addition to five manuscript copies in English, three of which he had made himself. Yet he "still felt a want," and made another translation. "I find myself more in harmony with Spinoza," he wrote, "than with any other man, dead or alive." And Philosophy was to him "the first and foremost blessing in the world."

WALTER L. FLEMING.

#### CHICAGO BEFORE THE FIRE.\*

Chicagoans who have memories long enough to be worth mentioning relate most of their recollections to the year of the Great Fire. The year 1871 is our A. U. C.; local history since that date has an orderly and documented development, while the happenings of earlier days have a legendary tinge and seem so immensely remote that we almost wonder if they ever could have been true. The city that we know is a palimpsest, and the older record has become so completely obliterated that its reconstruction, even in imperfect form, involves toilsome effort and difficult mental readjustment. Yet the span is a brief one, as history reckons; and even *THE DIAL*, with its thirty-year period this day rounded out, covers it by more than three-fourths. Holding to the past by this and other bonds, we have to go back only a few years further to penetrate the mists of the years which antedate the Fire, and enter into the spirit of the city's adolescent period. The retrospective venture is now prompted by Mr. Frederick Francis Cook's "*Bygone Days in Chicago*," a book of compelling interest to those of us who believe that we are citizens of no mean city, and who receive these greetings from the past, rich in their power to evoke long-slumbering memories, with feelings that are quite beyond adequate description.

Mr. Cook, now for many years a resident of another city, came to Chicago in 1862, and was an old-time newspaper reporter in the service of our four leading dailies — "*The Tribune*," "*The Times*," "*The Journal*," and "*The Post*." He was a well-equipped journalist, who was brought close to the heart of many important matters and interests, and has preserved an extraordinarily vivid memory of his experiences.

\**BYGONE DAYS IN CHICAGO*. Recollections of the "Garden City of the Sixties." By Frederick Francis Cook. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

He tells his story in a simple and straightforward manner, and supplements it by something like a hundred reproductions of rare prints and photographs, mostly found in the collections of the Chicago Historical Society. His aim, stated in his own words, has been

"To shed what light may be his on the psychology of a staid yet surcharged period, now difficult for those who were not of it to realize; rebuild for the mind's eye a vanished city; restore to its streets their varied life; rehabilitate past types in their proper setting; recall with a due regard for values some of the moving events of a memorable epoch; and so provide a faithful transcript for whomsoever may be interested in the 'Garden City' of a classic past, or a somewhat unique social integral, or feel moved to re-people it in fancy with the offspring of his imagination."

The spirit which has animated him in this endeavor is thus finely expressed:

"Chicago is to the unthinking a synonyme for Materialism. Yet, of a truth, she is a very Mother of Idealism. Unfortunately, she cannot yet hold all she nurtures, nor always realize the visions she inspires. For the present, therefore, she must needs content herself with the rôle of prolific matrix, whose issue on occasion answers the beckoning of older centres, in the hope of a fuller expression — not, however, always realized."

Both in the letter of historical fact, and in the spirit above set forth, Mr. Cook has accomplished his task with admirable success, and deserved the gratitude of the younger generation for which he has chiefly written.

It is in its constant forcing of comparisons between past and present that this book achieves its most striking effects. These comparisons are usually implied rather than expressed, but they are soon present in the consciousness as we read. What a suggestion there is in the very name "Garden City"! For there was a time when Chicago had more gardens than slums — when Prairie Avenue really led straight to the prairies, and when Cottage Grove (now how fallen from its beautiful primitive estate!) was in very truth an oak grove in which cottages nestled, cottages that sheltered simple households that are hardly imaginable in the "flats" that are now crowded and piled in those erstwhile liberal spaces. In those days, Kankakee Avenue was the road to Kankakee, and not to the South Park; Blue Island Avenue was the road to Blue Island, and not to the Slavonic quarter of our modern hive; and residents of the North Side could start from their very doors to journey upon the Green Bay Road. In those days, Clark Street really recalled to those who used it the heroic deeds of George Rogers Clark, and Wells Street the little garrison that marched from Fort Dearborn to its tragic fate among

the dunes along the lake shore, and Clinton Street the creator of the Erie Canal that had made early Chicago possible and was to make Illinois one of the staunchest of the commonwealths that defended the Union in the great struggle against slavery. The descendants of the men who then walked those streets now think little of the names and their significance; is it not something of a question whether the old thoughts have been replaced by new ones as worthy?

"Probably no event in Chicago's history up to the time of the Fire was so much talked about all over the West, and so variously commented upon." The average older Chicagoan would have to guess many times before hitting upon the occurrence thus referred to; and for the Chicagoan under sixty, guessing would be useless. The reference is to the cleaning out of the "North Side Sands" under the orders of "Long John" Wentworth, then mayor of Chicago.

"The scene of the episode was an isolated sand barren, on the bleak North Shore, with Michigan Street for its centre. It was the fashion in the rough-and-ready volunteer fire department days for the 'authorities' to give the men that 'ran wid de masheen' and worked the brakes, on one pretext or another, a 'time,'—by making them instruments of 'moral regeneration.' . . . Here was an assemblage of rookeries, none above two stories in height, and very easily demolished. The brute in the average man was far greater in those days than now. There were no doubt many estimable citizens connected with some of the fire companies, for they were of many degrees, including one or two regarded as quite 'tony.' But others were mere 'fighting' organizations, with small reference to fires; and sometimes one would get so demoralized as to call for disbandment. Thus it was men in many instances in no wise above the level of their victims, who in a riotous enthusiasm drove these bedraggled outcasts from their shelter, and forced them to seek refuge where none was obtainable. Yet this exhibition of barbarism in the name of high morality set 'Long John' apart in the estimation of 'good and pious people,' as the defender of the home and an apostle of purity; while to the 'men about town' it furnished a theme to dramatize."

The result of this raid was to drive vice into South Side quarters, where it became a greater menace to decency than it had been before. But some lessons are never learned, and the zeal of our present-day "reformers" is misdirected in much the same way.

A large section of this book is devoted to war-time memories, and deals with such interesting matters as the raising of troops, the history of Camp Douglas, the closing of the "Times" office by order of General Burnside, the partisan alignment of the foreign population, and the strife between copperheads and

loyalists. The following passage illustrates the sectional sympathies of the city during the course of the conflict.

"With the exception of a considerable Southern-born admixture, the native population was in the main loyal to the Union side, while the foreign-born population was divided into opposite camps, with an appreciable preponderance of numbers on the Irish side. Whereas the North Division with its dominant German population, and the Milwaukee Avenue region with its Scandinavian beginnings, were ever enthusiastic for the Union and the abolition of slavery, all that region which lies between Archer and Blue Island Avenues (excepting a German cluster about Twelfth and Halsted Streets) was never more than lukewarm, and on occasion distinctly hostile to the prosecution of the war. Whenever there was a notable Union victory, the North Side would burst spontaneously into a furor of enthusiasm, while matters down in the densely populated southwest region would be reduced to a mere simmer. But no sooner was there a Rebel victory than it was the turn of Bridgeport and its appanages to celebrate; and these demonstrations generally took the form of hunting down any poor colored brother who might have strayed inadvertently within those delectable precincts."

"Old Abe," the famous war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin regiment, was on exhibition in Chicago at the first Sanitary Fair. The eagle "made it plain that he had but a poor opinion of his surroundings—that he missed the bugle call and the roar of battle. Then it happened one day that a noted war orator in attendance was called on for a speech. No sooner had he got well started than 'Old Abe' rose on his perch, flapped his wings, and evidently mistaking what he heard for the familiar, terror-inspiring 'Rebel yell', screeched a wild defiance. This is probably the only instance when an orator in very fact made the American eagle scream."

The Copperheads come in for much comment, illustrative quotation, and personal portraiture. One of them is thus characterized:

"I am firmly persuaded that immovable Jacksonian Democrat (and a very Old Hickory, too, in appearance), dear old Dr. N. S. Davis, opposed the war on grounds of constitutional construction and none other: for, being a York State man, he had no controlling Southern family affiliations. The good doctor lived long enough to be well remembered by a later generation, and few in Chicago have died in greater honor. But in his virile manhood he was a chronic storm centre; and it was only because he was so much besides a Copperhead that his so frequently ill-timed 'constitutional' fulminations met with toleration."

A few brief quotations will show to what lengths the Copperhead orator was willing to go in those days of high feeling.

"Abraham Lincoln has deluged the country with blood, created a debt of four thousand million dollars, and sacrificed two millions of human lives. At the November election we will damn him with eternal infamy."

"We want to try Lincoln as Charles I. of England was tried, and if found guilty will carry out the law."

"If I am called upon to elect between the freedom

of the nigger and disunion and separation, I shall choose the latter. You might search hell over and find none worse than Abraham Lincoln."

"We have patiently waited for a change, but for four years have lived under a despotism, and the wonder is that men carry out the orders of the gorilla tyrant who has usurped the presidential chair."

"Still the monster usurper wants more victims for his slaughter pens. I blush that such a felon should occupy the highest gift of the people. Perjury and larceny are written all over him."

These pleasant observations, made in a spirit of such delicate amenity, make the campaign of 1864 seem a lively affair. We may think we get excited in a modern presidential year, but we do not work ourselves up to that pitch of frenzy. Mr. Cook quotes Taine's saying, "Let me once frame the true psychology of a Jacobin, and my book is written." His own effort is to frame the psychology of the Copperhead, and his conclusion is "that among the Democratic masses of the north, antipathy to the negro outweighed every other consideration."

Mr. Cook's portrait gallery of old Chicagoans is so crowded with canvasses that we pass from one to another of them in a state bordering upon bewilderment, so many are the memories evoked and so strong the temptation to linger for a closer inspection. What he says about the redoubtable Wilbur F. Storey is unusually interesting, because he holds a brief for his old-time employer, whom he thinks to have been unjustly maligned in many ways.

"There was unquestionably a vein of vindictiveness in Mr. Storey's make-up—as there was in most strong characters in those days—but it was never shown except against his equals. He was at bottom a just man, far from over-exacting in his demands for service; while every failure had its day in court, and was judged on its merits. He was an incarnation of frankness himself, and demanded this quality in his subordinates. Mr. Storey's faults were largely the defects of his qualities. He was through and through a newspaper man. News for him, however, included the shady side of life; and in exploiting this he gave perhaps too much scope for individual license. I am certain that he never gave an order that a scandal should be salacious or made attractive to the prurient. . . . I permit myself to say that for more than a half-score of years most of the local 'copy' passed through my hands . . . and that during all that time not one line of 'imaginary' or 'fake' matter of any sort or description was either published or so much as submitted for publication."

Storey's Copperhead proclivities were of course against him, and were probably the underlying cause of the animus that long directed the attack upon his private life and character.

The chapter entitled "An Early Sociable" shall provide our last glimpse of Mr. Cook's somewhat haphazard chronicle, and at the same time cast a pleasant light upon the chronicler.

One evening, in the summer of 1866, he had just turned in his "copy"—an account of the raiding of a vile resort—and was about to depart from the office, when the city editor asked him if he could "spare the time to run down to Mayor Rice's house." It seems that the eldest Miss Rice was giving a party, and Storey had made up his mind to take what was then a new departure in Chicago journalism, and exploit social functions in the columns of the "Times." The young reporter was aghast, for such an assignment was an absolute novelty, and he could hardly take the request seriously. Asking what sort of story was desired, he was told: "Oh, mention the decorations if there are any, describe some of the most picturesque toilettes, but above all get a list of those present." At last convinced that it was not all a joke, the dismayed reporter started out, walked to the Rice residence, and rang the bell. Miss Rice herself came to the door, and asked his errand. He timorously expressed a wish to report the party, but the suggestion was received with consternation, and the young woman pleaded so eloquently against this invasion of her privacy that he promptly capitulated, and turned away without any attempt to gather the desired information. The only story he turned in that night was one about a mysterious baritone who chanced to pass the house, singing "Marching Through Georgia," just as the reporter had taken his leave. His fear of the wrath to come was not realized, and he was never made to suffer for his lack of "enterprise." But he tells us that a few months later he would not have escaped so easily, for Storey's edict to have "things of that sort written up for all they were worth" had then gone into force, and the other papers were prompt to follow the lead of the "Times." Thus "society reporting" came into existence as a function of journalism in Chicago.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

In Dr. Georg Witkowski's "German Drama of the Nineteenth Century" (Holt), as issued in Professor L. E.

Horning's translation, no fewer than 532 dramas by 227 dramatists are mentioned, a very large majority of which receive some discussion. Yet the book is neither sketchy nor unbalanced. Written for the initiated layman, and aiming to throw light on the drama of to-day from an historical standpoint, Dr. Witkowski has, with nothing short of brilliancy, characterized the main movements of the three chronological divisions of the century, and analyzed, from the



triple standpoint of art, the actor, and the public, the dramas that have given tone to the various epochs. After a brief but convincing *resumé* of the dramatic situation at the close of the eighteenth century, in which he makes some striking assertions as to the influence of Iffland and Kotzebue then and even now, the author passes rapidly over the first section (1800-1830) with the dramatic failures of the romanticists, devoting a well-proportioned number of pages to Kleist (7), Grillparzer (9), Raimund (2), and Grabbe (3). The portrayals of the faithful wife by Kleist: the superiority of Fate, in Grillparzer, in that he did not allow it to relieve from moral responsibility; Raimund's genius in pleasing the jolly Viennese, and Grabbe's picturing of battles, receive just emphasis. In the second division (1830-1885) he sets forth the polished but spiritless drama of Young Germany in its relation to Hugo, Dumas père, and Scribe; the idealizing drama of Halm, Gottschall, Geibel, and Jordan; Hebbel, with his cornerstone of modern dramatic art in "Maria Magdalena," on whose shoulders Ibsen stands; Ludwig with his excessive reflection and worship of Shakespeare; the deplorable status of the German stage around 1870; the years (1874-1890) of brilliant service to the German theatre rendered by the Meininger company; the unsurpassed and unsurpassable greatness of Wagner, and Wildenbruch with his themes from Prussian history. This forms the best chapter of the book, because it treats of a period old enough to allow the final word as to its worth; and it is this final word that Dr. Witkowski has spoken with constant certainty and unbroken interest in his theme. The third section (1885-1900) begins with a terse analysis of Naturalism, at the head of which tendency stands Ibsen, "whose influence no one who writes for the stage can escape, let him yield ever so reluctantly." For three years (1889-1891) the "Free Theatre" existed, and widened the scope of the theatre by extending the limits of permissibility. The movement as such died of inanition. Sudermann is treated as a writer of great talents, who often condescends to flatter the likings of the public regardless of the infallible laws of art. Of Hauptmann's twenty plays, Dr. Witkowski thinks that scarcely a single one will hold a lasting place on the stage, while all will live as monuments of this confused and uncertain period. The playwrights of the present, Fulda and all the rest, are treated only tentatively, and skeptically at that. The author seems to begrudge them their popularity, taking this latter as an evidence that they are living *from* dramatic art rather than *for* it. As to the future, Dr. Witkowski is at once an optimist and a pessimist. He sees hope in the fact that Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, and Grillparzer are more in demand than ever; he despairs at the low grade of drama now being produced in the great cities, in the highest intellectual centres. The book contains a valuable table showing the number of performances of the most popular dramas from 1899 to 1905, "Tell" leading the list with 412 in 1905.

*A plurality of Shakespeares.*

Anyone who has read a thrilling tale only to find in the last sentence that somebody's pink pills will cure pale people, can realize the feelings of the reviewer who goes through Mr. W. L. Stoddard's "Life of William Shakespeare Expurgated" (W. A. Butterfield) and discovers in the last paragraph that "in the only document identifying William Shakespeare from Stratford with the poet, the name of so illustrious a contemporary [Lord Bacon] should be secretly imbedded." This book, which is a compilation of contemporary evidence relating to Shakespeare, tries to show that when all inferential matter is "expurgated" there is no evidence before his death connecting the actor William Shakespeare of Stratford with the dramatist William Shakespeare of London. The connection, so Mr. Stoddard contends, was not made till the publication of the First Folio in 1623. Here we have references to the "Sweet Swan of Avon," mention of the Stratford monument, and Shakespeare's name heading the list of the principal actors in the plays. In other words, if it were not for these pieces of information in the First Folio we should not know specifically why the good folk of Stratford permitted a bust of their fellow-townsmen to be set up in the church, except that they believed that, in the words beneath the bust, he was a great genius. The First Folio showed wherein his genius lay; and Mr. Stoddard holds that it is the first bit of evidence that has survived to identify the citizen of Stratford with the playwright. And it is this part of the Folio that contains Mr. W. S. Booth's acrostic signature of Francis Bacon! There is, however, a reference which Mr. Stoddard quotes but does not satisfactorily get rid of; it is a short poem by John Davies addressed "To our English Terence, Mr. Will. Shakespeare" (1611?). Here Shakespeare is the playwright; but he also "played some kingly parts in sport," and thereby fits in with tradition. Now it is admitted that the Stratford William Shakespeare acted in the dramatist's plays; therefore there either must have been two William Shakespeares acting in plays, or the dramatist and the actor are identical. Must we "expurgate" the conclusion that the two were one? It is interesting to note that in Professor Wallace's article in the March "Harper's" there is contemporary reference to William Shakespeare of Stratford, and to George Wilkins the dramatist, in the Bellott-Mountjoy lawsuit. If what is generally admitted is accepted here—that Shakespeare and Wilkins collaborated in "Pericles"—we have a similar identification; for it is unlikely that Wilkins would be associated so closely with two separate William Shakespeares. Further, as Professor Wallace says, if Shakespeare was a "mere pen-name of some one else, it would be difficult to explain how he and Wilkins were both interested in the suit . . . in behalf of young Bellott, and how the same he and Wilkins also wrote two plays together." It seems, therefore, that we may believe that Shakespeare is Shakespeare still.



*Bibliography  
of Atlases.*

Of all bibliographical data, that relating to atlases is the most difficult to obtain. Lowndes dismisses Thomas Jefferys with the statement that he was geographer to the King and published atlases "which now are of little use"; and this is the almost universal attitude toward the "out-of-date" atlas. Only very slowly is it coming to be recognized as an indispensable historical source. A word should be said in appreciation of the monumental "List of Geographical Atlases in the Library of Congress," compiled by Mr. P. Lee Phillips, chief of the division of maps and charts. Mr. Phillips gives nearly 3500 titles, with descriptive notes where needed, and lists of the maps relating to America under each important one. Of early atlases the Library of Congress possesses all but three of the forty editions of Ptolemy listed by Eames, twenty-two of the folio and fifteen of the smaller editions of Ortelius, eleven editions of Mercator's Atlas Major and eight of the Atlas Minor; but the descriptions of these are less important than those of the miscellaneous atlases of more recent date, since they can be obtained elsewhere. The classification would have been more logical had the general atlases preceded the special ones; parts of atlases would not then have come before the whole, and reproductions before the originals. The order of arrangement is, however, comparatively unimportant, since there is an exhaustive index of over forty thousand references. We think the exact dimensions of volumes should have been given, since the terms "folio," "quarto," and the like, as applied to atlases, are very indefinite. There are necessarily some *lacunæ*. Curiously, the Library of Congress has no copy of the English edition of the "American Gazeteer," although possessing the Italian translation. The supplementary list, in which it is intended to describe current accessions, will in time fill gaps of this sort. Most people may think that this "List" appeals only to special students; but any library can make a small collection of atlases, which will possess a constantly increasing value, by taking pains to acquire old editions which their owners will otherwise relegate first to the attic and eventually to the ash-heap.

*Lord Byron's  
"last phase."*

Mr. Richard Edgecombe's "Byron: The Last Phase" (Scribner) is a book which, both as a eulogy and a polemic, challenges attention. Its author is well known as the Secretary of the National Byron Memorial Committee and its historian, and as a biographer of Edward Trelawney. This book records the impressions left in the mind of the writer after a close study of Byron, persisted in for almost forty years. It is divided into three parts—the first part being a eulogy of the last phase of the poet's career, 1821–1824, and the second and third parts a defence of his memory against the most serious indictment ever laid against the Byron of earlier years. In Part I. we find the writer especially emphasizing two points: that the closing scenes of

the poet's life have not been adequately depicted by his biographers; and that his disposition and conduct after leaving Ravenna in 1821 underwent a complete transformation. In Part II. he advances the new and astonishing claim that the underlying reason for the separation of Lord and Lady Byron was a hitherto unsuspected relationship existing between the poet and Mary Chaworth Musters (1813–1816); that Mrs. Musters was the mother of the child Medora; that she was the Thyrza of the "Thyrza poems" and the Astarte of "Manfred"; and that the endeavor to shield her and keep their intimacy unsuspected led to a self-restraint in the face of most degrading accusations and a self-immolation on the part of Augusta Leigh of which a human being seems hardly capable. In Part III. we find statements, made by Lord Lovelace in "Astarte," argued; we find Augusta Leigh defended and Lord Lovelace attacked. The best parts of the book are those in which the writer is least controversial. We should welcome the emphasis laid on the good side of the poet's character, as shown during his career in Greece; and the record of his laborious days and nights spent in the service of an alien people, without, according to Byron's own statement and others' belief, desire for personal aggrandisement. He had faults, to the end; but the most careful examination of Byron's later days shows him a hero. We should regard evidence supporting a claim that Byron's life from 1813–1816 has never till now been adequately understood, as of sufficient importance to demand publication. We must, however, feel that some assertions on important points are but too weakly supported; and we must share the regret of the author that he is "unable more precisely to indicate the source of information embodied in the concluding portions of the work." In his eulogy of Lord Byron's later years, we can willingly follow Mr. Edgecombe; in his attempt to reconstruct our ideas of what happened earlier, we can follow him only part way. We cannot, however, if we are students of Byron, afford to leave the book unread.

*For the conquest  
of consumption.*

A militant and triumphant tone sounds throughout Dr. Woods Hutchinson's "The Conquest of Consumption" (Houghton), and brings a convincing note of the certainty of victory over this most common and most justly dreaded foe of humanity. The book contains exactly those things which anyone brought face to face with consumption should know; and, moreover, the facts are told in such simple language that a child could understand them, and with so much force that even disbelievers in disease germs will feel called upon to follow the eminently sane and sensible directions for the recovery of health. The gospel here preached is that of out-of-doors, of fresh air and sunlight, of abundant food and intelligent idleness, and of social responsibility for the care of the dependent sufferer from tuberculosis and for the vigorous prosecution of efforts to stamp out this plague from among men. Everyone interested in

this fight will find encouragement, hope, and inspiration in this spirited call to arms in the crusade against consumption. A very sensible discussion is given of what climate can and cannot do for the sufferer, and of the importance of this factor in the treatment of individual cases. Dr. Hutchinson is an enthusiastic admirer of American possibilities in this health-resort business, in spite of his insistence upon the greater values of food and fresh air; and one strongly suspects that he has summered and wintered in Seattle and Los Angeles.

*Leading events  
in the history  
of our Navy.*

In his book entitled "Romance of the American Navy" (Putnam), Mr. Hill has written a popular and entertaining account of some thirty or forty of the most interesting events in our naval history. A selection from the chapter titles will give a notion of the contents of the book: Commodore Joshua Barney, The Lucky Little Enterprise, John Paul Jones, The Chesapeake and the Shannon, The Battle of Lake Erie, The Duel between the Monitor and the Merrimac, The Capture of New Orleans by Farragut, The Battle of Mobile Bay, and Dewey in Manila Bay. One may see from this list that the author follows the main travelled roads of our naval history. Now and then, however, he departs from them, and writes of such little-known events as the building of the Red River Dam and the fighting of Ellet's steam rams at Memphis. The most original part of his book is that treating of the work of the navy in the Civil War. Here he has drawn upon his own experiences in that struggle, as an officer under Admirals Farragut, Porter, and Lee. Mr. Hill, in common with many other writers, greatly exaggerates the work of the privateers during the Revolution and the War of 1812 (pages v.-vi.). The most trustworthy statistics that we have on this subject show that our shipping suffered as much as the British, if not more. The book is well printed, and contains numerous illustrations of naval officers, ships, and battles, and a fairly good index.

*The people's  
share in our  
law-making.*

The political philosopher has little difficulty in pointing to "the people" as the source and fountain-head of all law and governmental authority. But the hard-headed man of fact perceives that only a limited number of individuals participate in law-making, and that the mass of men watch the process as mere observers. The closer reconciliation of fact and theory is receiving to-day the thoughtful consideration of our political reformers. Under the somewhat misleading title of "The People's Law" (Macmillan), Judge Lobingier, now of the University of Nebraska, has written of the actual participation of the people — or rather, of the electorate — in the making of law. Brief chapters are devoted to ancient and modern instances in countries other than the United States, but the bulk of the work deals with popular ratification in Colonial America

and the share of the electorate in the making of our state constitutions. Eighteen pages suffice for the consideration of popular participation in legislation by means of initiative and referendum. The book belongs to the field of history rather than of law, and is a valuable study in the origins of our state constitutions, showing to what extent in actual practice popular ratification is a source of our fundamental institutions of government. The work is to be particularly commended as an introduction to a wealth of original material inaccessible in any other single volume.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

The rapidly extending series of "American Crisis Biographies" (Jacobs) must perforce include a life of Henry Clay. The work of preparing this biography was put into the hands of Mr. Thomas Hart Clay, grandson of the statesman, who had long been collecting materials for such a work. The writer's sudden death interrupted the task, but it has been completed in harmony with his plan by Mr. Oberholtzer, editor of the series. The work, one of love and loyalty to the distinguished ancestor of the author, shows no undue prejudice; the writer has investigated carefully and tries to hold the balance evenly. Of course he believes in his grandfather, but he does not find him perfect. It is a good reference book for details.

The student of mathematical history will find quite invaluable Professor David Eugene Smith's "Rara Arithmetica" (Ginn & Co.), now made available, in a handsome one-volume edition, to many for whom the two-volume *edition de luxe* is quite out of reach. Professor Smith's is by far the most elaborate bibliography of arithmetic yet attempted. It consists of a chronological catalogue of arithmetics printed before 1601, with a full description of those in the library of Mr. George Arthur Plimpton of New York. Mr. Plimpton's collection of such texts is the largest that has ever been brought together, including over three hundred printed volumes — practically every sixteenth-century work of any importance — besides a number of valuable manuscripts on arithmetic, of which a separate list follows that of the printed works. The abundant illustrations are often of much historical interest, but have in general been selected with a view to bibliographical needs.

"The Rivers and Streams of England" (Macmillan) have been admirably painted in color by Mr. Sutton Palmer and described by Mr. A. G. Bradley, an enthusiastic angler and an inveterate Rambler along English hedge-rows. Author and artist have not felt constrained to keep too close company; each has exercised his own taste in the matter of selection, the result being, no doubt, better pictures and more spirited essays than a more constrained method would have produced. For example, the Thames figures largely in the pictures; in the text, the Severn is more prominent as being more beautiful and far less familiar both to travellers and readers. Scenic description and historic lore, with some hints to anglers, compose the text. The pictures are confined strictly to the natural beauties of the English streams, which afford ample material for such exploitation.

### THE DIAL'S THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

With this issue THE DIAL commemorates the thirtieth anniversary of its founding. Thirty years of continuous publication are behind it, during which it has never missed an issue. It enters upon its fourth decade in the same hands and the same spirit in which its publication was begun, May 1, 1880. Few are the journals that have been conducted by the same man for so long a period; fewer still are those which after thirty years remain in the hands of their founder and first editor, who has conducted it continuously throughout that period, making the history of the journal in a peculiar sense the history of an individual.

THE DIAL has not been given to self-glorification or the exploitation of personality. If the letters that are printed herewith are somewhat intimate in tone and warm in appreciation, some explanation may perhaps be found in the facts above indicated. The letters derive an interest from the varied personalities and viewpoints of their writers, and it is in them, rather than in any words of our own, that we prefer to commemorate the occasion that has called them forth.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

As I am the only one, except the editor and founder of THE DIAL, left of those who contributed to its first number thirty years ago, I perhaps may be entitled to lead the chorus of congratulations on the completion of its third decade. I greet my "fellow veteran," rejoicing that he is still at the helm of the craft he has guided so long and well, and glad that he is finding the rewards of faithful service highly planned and highly wrought. Few in these grasping, selfish, and avaricious days can contemplate three decades of such honorable, uplifting, and self-sacrificing effort, brought to such deserved success.

GEORGE P. UPTON.

Chicago, April 20.

I am glad to hear of your Anniversary celebration; to which I can, however, contribute little, unless it be conveyed in the following reminiscence. I am probably one of the few men living who habitually read the original "Dial" on its quarterly appearance, and perhaps the only person who had the honor of having some verses of his own rejected in the last number of its early existence (in April 1844) by its editor, Ralph Waldo Emerson. The following was his delicious reply to my "Sunset Thoughts," as they were modestly entitled:

"Perhaps I may not print your verses in 'The Dial.' They have truth and earnestness; and a happier hour may add that external perfection which can neither be commanded nor described."

To this he kindly added, as a P.S.: "Perhaps after further reflection I may print these verses in 'The Dial.'" But this he wisely abstained from doing; and more than one younger writer than myself may have been consoled in later years, when I have quoted to him this gentle but resistless verdict of our most revered leader.

THOMAS WESTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Cambridge, Mass., April 18.

Let me join with the rest to congratulate THE DIAL, and to congratulate yourself, who are THE DIAL that we know. We recognize that THE DIAL has taken to itself the function of criticism of current literature, uninfluenced by any other consideration. It has held this function from the first, and without change of purpose or policy. We know that whatever may be said in its pages is the honest judgment of a competent authority. We value the visits of THE DIAL as we value the speech of a wise friend, and we hope that many generations of scholars may enjoy the same high privilege.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, Calif., April 18.

Congratulations to THE DIAL on its thirtieth birthday. For us who are

"Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,"

it is uniquely valuable, both for authoritative news of the progress of the rise, and for wise comment on its source and direction.

FERRIS GREENSLET.

Boston, April 16.

To those who cherish the interests of literature and criticism in its shaping of the standards of living and the ideals of life, the survival of THE DIAL for thirty years is at once a consolation and a triumph. It may be accepted as a welcome sign that the still small voice is not wholly still, nor too insignificant to make an impression in spite of the din of a noisier journalism. It is through its acceptance conscientiously of the responsibilities of leadership that THE DIAL has achieved a success which must be weighed rather than counted to express its numerical status. With no assumption of superiority and no tendency to hold itself aloof from popular interest, it combines the sympathy of a view from the inside with the objective independence of a critical and poised observer. It is natural that contributors are willing to bring to such a purpose an appreciative and disinterested coöperation. It is at once a privilege and a pleasure to be enrolled in such a group, and to extend to THE DIAL cordial good wishes for further decades of prosperity.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

University of Wisconsin, April 18.

I am delighted by the word from you suggested by the approaching Thirtieth Anniversary of THE DIAL. Your recollection of the fact that a long time ago I was a contributor is very gratifying. I only wish that I had been more essentially associated with a paper that has maintained such high standards. I see THE DIAL is praised on all sides, *apropos* of its coming anniversary; but it has long been recognized as holding an honored place quite all its own.

FRANKLIN MACVEAGH.

Washington, D. C., April 25.

Having been one of THE DIAL's "constant readers" almost from the beginning, news of its approaching Thirtieth Anniversary came to me with something of a shock; for I had not appreciated that time had sped so fast. To a public institution like THE DIAL, however, age brings prestige rather than decay, so that it may indeed be congratulated upon having attained so ripe an experience. THE DIAL occupies a unique position; it is not only the sole journal among us exclusively devoted to literary criticism, but it is unsurpassed and almost unrivalled in the quality, strength, and independence of its reviews. Librarians with literary constituencies find that nowhere else than in the pages of THE DIAL can they obtain such a body of serious and trust-



worthy information concerning current books. Here is all manner of good wishes to you, and profound thanks for your thirty years of yeoman service in behalf of American scholarship.

REUREN G. THWAITES.

*State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison, April 14.*

I offer my message of congratulation and good-will on the occasion of the Thirtieth Anniversary of your admirable journal of letters. In breath of view, in sympathy, and in fairness, *THE DIAL* gives me keen satisfaction. May it have a long and helpful career, to instruct us all in sound canons of literary criticism and their application to the publications of our time.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

*Columbia University, New York, April 15.*

Do you, dear Editor of the *THE DIAL*, remember in the long ago when a little band of heretics assembled in the old Unitarian Church of the Messiah to consider the possibilities of starting a new journal in the interest of "Kingdom Come," and you were present, by invitation of Robert Collyer, as a likely young fellow to take editorial charge of the same? And how we balloted for names — the only one which I remember being Robert Collyer's suggestion that the paper be called "The Head-Light" and that the title-page be illuminated with a great locomotive in full steam and a flaming head-light throwing its rays over the title? Fortunately for you, the scheme was too embryonic, the dream too chaotic and quixotic, to entangle you, and you were providentially saved for a more fitting job. I, for better or for worse, was entangled, and the dream was launched: it was shortly before you pushed your canoe from shore. You will pardon the presumption on my part, when I confess that "Unity" and *THE DIAL* have been intimately associated in my fancy as a sort of twin-venture. They were born out of the same impulse; I believe they have been sustained by the same faiths in the receptive power of common, plain, every-day human nature, and that the wheels have been kept moving by the same confidence that the Universe is favorable to excellence, and, as Emerson says, "The dice of God are loaded" in the interest of things beautiful and fair. You, steering the *DIAL* craft, have "made good." Your canoe has been replaced by a skiff, and now you are running at least a respectable yacht. Mine is still a crazy raft, and the most that can be said to my credit is that I have kept the thing afloat, and that I have not fallen overboard. But I rejoice in your success. Indeed, I have rejoiced in it continuously. I am sure no one can be prouder of *THE DIAL*'s Thirtieth Anniversary than the editor of "Unity," its luckless twin that has never known enough to know when it was beaten, and so lives on.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

*Lincoln Centre, Chicago, April 23.*

It is a pleasure to congratulate *THE DIAL* upon its thirtieth birthday, and a comfort to know that its vigor increases with age; for certainly a protest against "smart" criticism was never more needed. I like *THE DIAL* because it takes its work seriously. I admit that I am most edified when, the subject permitting, its sincerity expresses itself in a not too sombre mood. But in a day when we learn flippancy before the ink of our first typewriter ribbon is cleansed from our fingers, it is more than a comfort — it is a blessing — that a journal of serious criticism should be entering so auspiciously upon a fourth decade.

HENRY S. CANBY.

*Yale University, April 18.*

I have studied *THE DIAL* all the days of its life, since it first came to my desk in London bringing welcome news of literary doings in America; and it is with almost a shock that I realize this was a generation ago! I think that *THE DIAL* commended itself to English readers from the beginning, perhaps because it had more of a world-outlook, was less ephemeral in tone and more dignified in character, than most American literary journals at that time. In saying this I do not of course forget my good old friend "The Nation," for which I sometimes wrote in the Garrison days. In *THE DIAL* we have for years found sound helpful criticism, sane far-seeing views, and the best guidance to the product of the world of thought, — not of its own day alone, for in *THE DIAL* we have had some of the best appraisements of the literary products of past times also. The literary judgments of *THE DIAL* have rarely erred; they command the respect of the world of letters in two hemispheres; and the fact that they have done so for one generation inspires the belief that *THE DIAL* will continue wisely to record, not alone the years as they pass, but the things we do in them, for generations to come.

CHARLES WELSH.

*Seranton, Pa., April 17.*

The motto of my sun-dial, *I mark only sunny hours*, is ever to me the motto of my *Chicago DIAL*. Hours of brightest sunshine and cheer, with never a moment of gloom or depression, have been mine in the many years during which I have had the pleasure and profit of reading *THE DIAL*. May the light be seen for a century on those clean clear pages.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

*Brooklyn, N. Y., April 21.*

May I extend my congratulations on occasion of the Thirtieth Anniversary of the publication of *THE DIAL*? The service rendered to our city by a paper conducted in accordance with such ideals cannot be measured or weighed, and cannot easily be put in words. I feel that those who have so faithfully given their time to maintain such a force in our community are entitled to the thanks and the congratulations of all.

HARRY PRATT JUDSON.

*University of Chicago, April 21.*

No one who cares for the good fortune of letters in America ought to neglect to wish *THE DIAL* many happy returns of the day on its Thirtieth Anniversary. In the midst of so much that is fleeting and futile in our periodical literature, it is a great satisfaction and encouragement to have anything so sober and sound as *THE DIAL*. But it is more than that; for it is always alive and open-minded, kindly without being indiscriminating, and dignified without being dull. That is a great deal to be proud of. May I offer my heartiest congratulations on the happy occasion, with highest hopes for the future?

BLISS CARMAN.

*New Canaan, Conn., April 19.*

Let me congratulate you upon the position of respect and usefulness you and your fellow-workers have gained for *THE DIAL* among lovers and students of literature. It stands alone in a calm liberating atmosphere of its own. May you long go on with your suggestive criticism and deep sincerity of aim, evoking as it will creative moods out of which will be born what we all long to hail — a Literature worthy in its compass of thought and feeling, beauty and charm, of a country so vast, so great, and (I hope) to be so exalted for its righteousness, as ours.

MORRIS SCHAFF.

*Boston, Mass., April 22.*



"I send my cordial greetings on the Thirtieth Anniversary of THE DIAL. It is clear that you do measure time, and a good deal of it; hence your title is well chosen. But it is just as well to note the fact that you do not merely "mark time"—you progress; and you are doing fine work for the cause of literature in this country. Long may you prosper. W. P. TRENT.

*Columbia University, New York, April 18.*

THE DIAL has always been true to its name—it has marked time by the sun. Truth, Beauty, Justice, and Righteousness have been the quarters through which for thirty vibrant years its gnomon has circled. Yet is its circuit not a closed one, but, rather, by its precession does it ever bring us forward into a larger and brighter day. Happy are we all that he who for so many years has steadfastly set its face open to the light of Heaven is still there. In his reverent and dauntless spirit, his love for everything that is true and good and holy, his sorrow for everything that mars and defaces the fair face of nature and of humanity, we read the secret of THE DIAL. May he for years still to come be at the centre, where the sun is always shining. JOHN J. HALSEY.

*Lake Forest University, Ill., April 20.*

Heartiest greeting to THE DIAL and its editor on the Thirtieth Anniversary of its distinguished career in American literary criticism. Its work is indispensable.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

*New York, April 27.*

To have THE DIAL measuring the sunny hours during thirty years, is one of the wonders of the American literary world. My long experience with nations that set value on longevity makes me take off my hat to THE DIAL. I welcome the shadow-lines it casts according to time's measurements, yet guided by eternal order and principle. May THE DIAL measure many more sunny hours, and aid me, as I strive with the editor—may I not say the consecrated champion of literary justice and critical truth-seeking?—to add my beam to the kindly light.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

*Ithaca, N. Y., April 18.*

I congratulate THE DIAL upon its Thirtieth Anniversary. Best wishes to yourself—who are, and always have been, THE DIAL.

HENRY B. FULLER.

*Chicago, April 26.*

It was not a very exceptional thing to start a new periodical thirty years ago, but to have done so and to see it a living and influential element in the literary life of to-day is a bit of success not granted to many adventurers in that field. And the success is all the more praiseworthy when it is remembered that the whole thirty years show no single moment of faltering in the maintenance of the high ideals which gave THE DIAL birth. Those of us who know something of the burden which you have personally carried in this work appreciate our indebtedness to your perseverance all the more deeply on that account.

W. H. JOHNSON.

*Denton University, Ohio, April 20.*

Most sincere congratulations on the occasion of the Thirtieth Anniversary of the birth of THE DIAL. THE DIAL has stood throughout for all that is best in the evaluation of current literature. It has won a place of its own as a fearless and absolutely impartial review; and everyone who values these rare qualities must wish THE DIAL many more years of usefulness.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

*The Carnegie Library, Ottawa, Canada, April 15.*

In offering THE DIAL, as I do, my hearty congratulations on the completion of its thirtieth year, I am reminded of its steadiness and fidelity to high ideals and the best traditions of literature; of its confidence in the integrity of human nature—a confidence which asserts that a man will still write the truth though he must sign his name beneath; and of the respect with which its verdicts are and have long been received throughout the world. May it prosper as it deserves!

CLARK S. NORTHUP.

*Cornell University, April 17.*

It must be a satisfaction of no mean quality—as well as size—to have kept a literary journal true to the highest ideals of criticism for thirty years. THE DIAL has been absolutely honest, fearless, and impartial. It has never had pets—either among publishers or authors. There has never been a whisper regarding the absolute integrity of its criticisms. And, however severely I might be handled, of one thing I felt sure,—at least that the critic had read every vital page of the book. That means a great deal to a writer.

ALICE FRENCH ("OCTAVE THANET").

*Davenport, Iowa, April 18.*

I most heartily congratulate you, as the *soul* of THE DIAL, on the completion of its Thirtieth Anniversary. THE DIAL has been a stimulus to all literary workers, because of its high and noble ideals. You have made it an indispensable helper to all of us.

IRA MAURICE PRICE.

*University of Chicago, April 15.*

Thirty years of intelligent and honest criticism! Good for THE DIAL, say I; and honor with long life to the men who have made and kept it what it is.

BRADFORD TORREY.

*Santa Barbara, Calif., April 20.*

I take much pleasure in adding my testimony to the great service which THE DIAL has done for the development of proper literary standards in this country. I have always taken great pleasure and pride in calling the attention of my friends in the East, and in Europe, who asked about conditions of civilization in the Mississippi Valley, to THE DIAL. We have all taken a personal interest in its prosperity, are proud of its success, and wish it the utmost prosperity in the future.

EDMUND J. JAMES.

*University of Illinois, April 18.*

Greetings and many happy returns to THE DIAL. It stands for all that is scholarly, just, and true, in American letters.

CHAS. F. HOLDER.

*Pasadena, Calif., April 20.*

A journal of literary criticism which sets out calling itself by the name of that trustworthy old friend of mankind, the dial, and which succeeds in living up to its name, is rightly the object of congratulation because of its consistency and of thanks for the service it renders. In a country and at a time in which production of books is so facile and abundant, and in which the best—for reasons of commerce, prejudice, favoritism, banality of taste, or ignorance—too often runs danger of enjoying both less fame and less material support than the second-best or even the worst, it is necessary to the good health of both writer and reader to have at least one or two journals of dial-like solidity and permanence, of dial-like steadfastness and indifference to the random fluctuations of temperature and breeze, of

dial-like security from the accidents that beset the dollar watch or from the noise that clamors from the steeple clock, of dial-like constancy to one great source of light — in a word, of dial-like sense and sobriety and reliability. Those who feel the need of a reliable time-piece to help them know the literary time of day are grateful to THE DIAL for its unity and integrity of purpose, for its reviews written by men who read the books they review, for its resistance of the old temptation to be smart rather than truthful, and for its editorial championship of the literary and critical ideal. They wish it long continuation of usefulness and prosperity.

GRANT SHOWERMAN.

*University of Wisconsin, April 22.*

I beg to send you sincere greetings on the Thirtieth Anniversary of your journal's significant career. Sustained and unobtrusive excellence is rare in this clamorous market; and your readers are grateful to you for it. Congratulations and God-speed to THE DIAL.

PERCY MACKAYE.

*Cornish, N. H., April 19.*

THE DIAL's Thirtieth Anniversary ought to be matter for congratulation to all Americans. There is only one other periodical of ours which can be ranked with it for honesty and independence. Its continued existence and usefulness pleasantly reassure us against the fear that one congested Eastern city is to continue to absorb most of the writing men of promise in the new world, as well as most of the incoming Hebrews and Slavs of the old one.

H. W. BOYNTON.

*Bristol, R. I., April 25.*

Let me send you every message of congratulation on the happy occasion of your Thirtieth Anniversary. During these thirty years, as I wrote ten years ago, THE DIAL has seemed to me the most unbiassed, good-humored, and sensible organ of American criticism.

BARRETT WENDELL.

*Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., April 15.*

Many thanks to the forces of Heaven and Earth, and to all concerned in the existence and influence of THE DIAL! The name, glorious in American literature, has been made still more illustrious by the conduct of this periodical, for whose presence and power every lover of good literature must be grateful. Noble traditions and a prophetic vision have characterized every issue that has come to us here at the Armour Institute, as for years before the beginning of our work among the young men it came to my study table. No teacher of English literature can afford to let this anniversary occasion pass without rejoicing with those who have students under their charge that we have had thirty years of this steady onward-moving guidance.

F. W. GUNSAULUS.

*Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, April 17.*

My congratulations on the Thirtieth Anniversary of THE DIAL. I have known THE DIAL for just fifteen of its thirty years, and in that time respect for the sincerity and candor of its reviews has grown to admiration for the high ideals of its editor and affection for the journal itself.

EPHRAIM DOUGLASS ADAMS.

*Stanford University, Calif., April 18.*

Congratulations warm and sincere to THE DIAL and its editor, for the thirty years of splendid work performed with courage, tact, wisdom, and grace: a remarkable record, of which all who know it may well be proud.

J. H. CROOKER.

*Boston, April 16.*

I have known THE DIAL from the day it was born, and read it by fits and starts with pleasure and profit down to the last numbers, and I think it has no rival in the literary journals of our own land. The last numbers I have read with especial satisfaction.

ROBERT COLLYER.

*New York, April 23.*

Let me congratulate you upon the happy completion of the thirtieth year of THE DIAL, a very notable achievement — more notable, I think, than Mr. Godkin's, because "The Nation" by including politics made a wider appeal for popular support. I have faith that the men who do the good work in this world will receive eventual recognition, even though their names do not crowd the headlines of the daily press.

F. H. HODDER.

*University of Kansas, April 19.*

"Remember, brethren, that the Lord did n't send down all the Holy Ghost he had over in Palestine on the day of Pentecost." Thus spake with unction once an old minister out on the far edge of California. And I want to announce in the same spirit of prophecy that the genius of Culture has not centred all her gifts on the eastern seaboard of our country. I cannot here speak of the virile verse and fiction that have risen beyond the Alleghenies. But speaking only of literary criticism, I wish to say that THE DIAL, out in the heart of the nation, has continuously and consistently stood for the highest ideals; has been quick to discern and keen to encourage everything making for righteousness in the world of American letters. All success to its high purpose!

EDWIN MARKHAM.

*West New Brighton, N. Y., April 25.*

THE DIAL has long been a favorite among the literary periodicals that I regularly read, and I always take pleasure in commending it as I find opportunity. I seldom have to disagree with its critical decisions, and never doubt their honesty and impartiality. The special attention given to library management is one of the best among its minor features, and exceptional withal.

W. J. ROLFE.

*Cambridge, Mass., April 20.*

I send you my hearty greetings and congratulations on your having reached the Thirtieth Anniversary of THE DIAL, both editor and paper sound of mind and body, and rich in the affectionate appreciation of a large and ever growing circle of friends.

J. C. BRANNER.

*Stanford University, Calif., April 20.*

Prevented until now by illness, I can only even at present dictate a line — too tardily, I fear — to congratulate THE DIAL on reaching its thirtieth birthday and on having fulfilled the unique mission it, so fortunately for American letters, appointed to itself in 1880. I wish I could write more. I rejoice to believe that the larger part of THE DIAL's life and exceptional usefulness lies still before it.

GEORGE W. CABLE.

*Northampton, Mass., April 26.*

To find out and praise the good, to run down and kill the bad, to pass judgment on the tolerable and put it in the right line of probation, — these duties of a journal of criticism you have done, and done well. May you have your reward in discovering that great American author, who, by all sound reckoning, is to come one of these days out of the Middle West!

FRANCIS B. GUMMERE.

*Haverford College, April 25.*

Please accept my cordial congratulations on your Thirtieth Anniversary. THE DIAL has stood almost alone in these thirty years for high standards in literature and for ideals in both literature and scholarship. It has always had the courage of its convictions, for which above all else it deserves the approval of everyone who possesses enlightenment or who seeks after it.

HARRY THURSTON PECK.

*Columbia University, New York, April 16.*

It is a privilege to send greetings to THE DIAL, and to wish it long continuance of life and prosperity, and the fewest changes in form and spirit that are consistent with progress.

EDWARD S. MARTIN.

*New York City, April 17.*

It is a pleasure to write you a word of congratulation on your Thirtieth Anniversary. I hope to have the same pleasure at the fortieth—not to say the fiftieth—with the same founder and editor at the helm. It is something worth while to have a place where you can say your say on the literature that stirs you (or does not stir you), without fear of publisher, editor, or reader. THE DIAL has always been an opportunity for the writer as well as the reader. And when we look at our American periodicals in general, we see what reason we have to be thankful for such an opportunity.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

*Union College, New York, April 19.*

Let me, as one of your interested readers for many years, joy with you on the occasion of your Thirtieth Anniversary. And so, I believe, ought all lovers of the best in literature and in life. Few indeed are they who can offer such a worthy record in the world of letters. The Middle West particularly, and the entire country generally, ought to wish you many happy returns of the event.

DUANE MOWRY.

*Milwaukee, Wis., April 16.*

For a good many years I have looked to THE DIAL to indicate the true course of literary light, and it has never disappointed me. I regard it as the sanest and most trustworthy book journal published in America. Let me offer hearty congratulations on your thirtieth birthday.

JAMES A. B. SCHERER.

*Throop Institute, Pasadena, Calif., April 23.*

Please accept our hearty congratulations upon the results of thirty long years devoted to upholding the higher standards of literary journalism. It is good to realize that anything so sane can go steadily forward. It refutes the charge that with us nothing is desirable except change, and that only mediocrity succeeds. Our best wishes for the future success of THE DIAL, which starts next month on its road to a fiftieth anniversary.

JOHN LANE COMPANY,

RUTGER BLEECKER JEWETT, Manager.

*New York, April 22.*

I wish to add my congratulations to those of your many other friends on THE DIAL's thirtieth birthday. I always feel that a review in THE DIAL is trustworthy. Opinions and judgments differ, but literary appreciation of the finer sort is a species of intuition and can seldom go far wrong. Add to this a literary conscience, and you have the rare combination which has made THE DIAL what it is. It never sacrifices truth to brilliancy or says an unjust thing in order to make a telling phrase. It is more than interesting,—it is reliable.

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD.

*Chicago, April 22.*

Allow me to congratulate you most sincerely on the completion of the thirtieth year of THE DIAL. I do not know of any similar paper in this country which has maintained a higher ideal or followed a more consistent practice in independent criticism. I wish you many another anniversary of this high enterprise.

WOODROW WILSON.

*Princeton University, N. J., April 19.*

I send my cordial greetings to THE DIAL on its completion of thirty years of service to literature and culture. Too few of our periodicals have survived the temptation to be an excuse for half an inch of advertisements; only a very few are seriously devoted to literature as a special field. May THE DIAL continue to be an honored exception for many a decade to come.

JOHN ERSKINE.

*Columbia University, New York, April 21.*

Congratulations and many happy returns! It is possibly not in order for a contributor to comment on the success of his journal, but he may perhaps be allowed to testify to the wisdom and daring of his editor. The timidity of the average American editor answers to the tyranny of American public opinion. We have nothing like the intellectual freedom which centuries of struggle have won for Europe. But the editor of THE DIAL has never been afraid to risk his circulation and advertising for the sake of the right, in the defense of unpopular causes, or to keep alive free discussion. To have done this for thirty years is to be a great editor. Like the Parliament man in Charles the First's time, he has told the truth and not been hanged for it.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

*Moorestown, N. J., April 16.*

Congratulations and good wishes for THE DIAL's Thirtieth Anniversary. I have been a sincere admirer of THE DIAL for many years. It has consistently stood for the best things in life and literature throughout its career, and I have long felt the most entire confidence in its literary and other judgments.

*Boston, April 18.*

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

Our generation has entered more fully into the freedom of thought than the generations that have gone before us. We have not been without our vagaries, but we have had our revelations. Our methods of expression have suffered a similar relaxation, with more of loss and less of gain. There has been a lax impressional and vulgar quality in our utterance, which has interfered with the weight and quality of truth. A sensuous and pictorial form has prevailed which has obstructed mental illumination. We are glad that THE DIAL has been content with the light with none of its bewildering sheen.

*Williams College, Mass., April 19.*

JOHN BASCOM.

My hearty congratulations on this anniversary of THE DIAL. While I cannot claim an acquaintance of thirty years, for at least two-thirds of the period measured by THE DIAL's existence I have regularly enjoyed its monthly and later its semi-monthly advent. Clear, clean-cut, handsome in its page and type, dignified and scholarly in tone, THE DIAL deserves the splendid recognition it has received. Its leading articles, its literary essays, its critical reviews, have been models in their kind. Who ever read a pert or supercilious comment in THE DIAL? Well do I remember a certain emphatic and indiscreet communication written with sophomore fervor in Quixotic defense of much-maligned



"poor little Jane" Austen, which was returned with a charming letter from the editor. He expressed full and hearty agreement with the writer's sentiment and his vehement attack upon the traducer, — nay, he even added the comforting statement, "So and so is undoubtedly an ass — but let's not say it in THE DIAL." Thus his skilful touch upon the regulator has kept the inner works in accurate adjustment; the pendulum has never lost its calm steadiness of swing; the hands have duly registered the critical judgment of a generation; and THE DIAL's open face has ever recorded standard time. It is a great achievement; and we of the Middle West are proud of THE DIAL, — not that it is a product of the Middle West, or that it is the representative of the Middle West, but because in Chicago we have had for thirty years a publication representative of the world of letters, a journal which has so admirably filled its place in letters, and an editor whose literary ideals have had no small influence upon the taste and judgment of his time. I send my best wishes for the future prosperity of THE DIAL, and my sincere regard.

W. E. SIMONDS.

Knox College, Illinois, April 19.

THE DIAL has, from the outset, consistently upheld high standards of thinking and speaking. In both ways it has performed a long and a lasting service; and it deserves what it has solidly won — the great respect of those who in this country recognize the vital alliance between criticism and creativeness. No other American publication known to me has so uniformly held its pages above the level of spleen and personalia.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

New York City, April 20.

It is no ordinary achievement to have held up before a reading public for thirty years a DIAL on which is recorded faithfully, without prejudice or subsidy, the progress of the world of literature and thought. I congratulate not only the management but the public as well.

EDWIN ERLE SPARKS.

Pennsylvania State College, April 18.

THE DIAL's shadow is of steady enlightenment, marking in clear outline the figure of Truth. Its thirty years of casting a quiet shadow of keen judgment, just criticism, and human touch on the brain and heart of a public is a surprising refutation of the popular belief that sensationalism is the *sine qua non* of success.

A. MAURICE LOW.

Washington, D. C., April 19.

Among American periodicals there is no such other record as THE DIAL's. Great journalism has pivoted always — and always must — upon a personality. The singleness, the consistency, the purpose and standards, "without variableness or shadow of turning," which make Character, must derive from an undivided master. Else there is a wobble. We like people and papers that we know where to find. In the average Press, we do n't know. They are acephalous, but full of "hands." They record the "pressure" like isobaric lines on a weather-map — now up, now down, and always wavy. Greeley and Bowles and Dana, Garrison and Curtis and Pixley — six different kinds, but all Individuals — were more implicitly trusted, I think, by more Americans of mind than to-day trust all the papers in the United States put together. Circulation is one thing; "influence" is another; but conviction by mental leadership — that is the greatest thing that ever befalls a journal. All those other oracles of our Golden Age are gone.

But here is the quiet DIAL marking now its thirtieth birthday — consecutive still under the same sensitive, serene, unswerving bridle-hand, and all and always in Chicago! It is not so much a "record" as a benediction. THE DIAL stands alone now in American letters — a monument and an example. And this is because it has n't had to keep swapping minds. Many an able seaman has helped to trim its sails and stow its cargoes; but at the wheel always the one steady hand. Power to THE DIAL! May its shadow never fall less true to the Hour and its need.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 20.

I feel that I owe a most hearty greeting to THE DIAL on its Thirtieth Anniversary, in return for the unalloyed satisfaction it has given me all these years. I am sure that all its readers will join with me not only in the greeting, but in the hope of its continued prosperity along the lines it has hitherto followed.

HENRY M. ALDEN.

New York City, April 18.

THE DIAL in its present estate has lived a generation. May a century hence find it flourishing like a green bay tree; for such a paper is sorely needed. In my opinion, we have in this country no equal organ for the discussion of art, literature, and the things of the mind in general. The West should regard your publication as one of its most honorable assets.

RICHARD BURTON.

University of Minnesota, April 14.

Greeting to THE DIAL, and best wishes for many more decades of usefulness and increasing influence. May it ever keep in the Sun, and tell in Straight Lines the Passing Time to all who linger in the Garden of Letters.

CHARLES ATWOOD KOFOID.

University of California, April 22.

Of course I am glad to add my tribute to the steady merit and courage of your DIAL, if we may ascribe such human virtues to that friend of the Sun which counts no hours except the serene ones, but is no less faithful in cloudy weather, if we may credit the author of "Hudibras," —

"True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shined upon."

It is pleasant to see that your DIAL has enjoyed more sunshine than the two American magazines that preceded yours — Emerson's quarterly which you mention with deserved praise, and Moncure Conway's Cincinnati monthly of that name, published by him for a single year, which you pass over in silence. It deserves to be recalled, however, partly for Conway's spirit and enthusiasm in setting it up in that bear-garden which Cincinnati proved to be in his case, though it stood there but for a year; and partly for his contributors, who were Emerson, Howells, Octavius Frothingham, Conway, and (for verses only) myself, among others who are now less known. Short as its career was, it justified Conway's pleasing figure in presenting its first number to the world, — "symbolized," he said, "not so much by the sun-clock as by the floral dial of Linnaeus, which recorded the advancing day by the opening of some flowers and the closing of others: it would report the Day of God as recorded in the unfolding of higher life and thought, and the closing-up of old superstitions and evils. It would fain be a Dial measuring time by growth." Such has been the mission of your own DIAL, to which so many good pens have contributed, and for which I have occasionally written an article. Had I been mature enough in 1844, when but twelve



years of age, I should doubtless have sent verses to Emerson's Dial, which was a harbor for youthful poesy as well as for the oracular oak of Concord, the New England Dodona from whose leaves we heard the "Sphinx" and "Wood-Notes," and that epigram worthy of the Greek Anthology,—

"The sense of the world is short,  
Long and various the report,—  
To love and be beloved;  
Men and gods have not outlearned it,  
And, how oft see'er they've turned it,  
Not to be improved."

And now, one of your oldest readers, I salute your Anniversary with faith, hope, and charity, which every journal, old or youthful, needs. F. B. SANBORN.

Concord, Mass., April 19.

### TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

May, 1910.

Aerial Transit, The Future of. *Century*.  
African Game Trails—VIII. Theodore Roosevelt. *Scribner*.  
American Art, The Story of—IV. Arthur Hoeber. *Bookman*.  
American City Government, New. George K. Turner. *McClure*.  
American Galleries, Treasures of. F. J. Mather. *World's Work*.  
American Women after the War. Ida M. Tarbell. *American*.  
Ancient Crafts in New York. Philip Verrill Mighels. *Harper*.  
Arran Islands, The. Maude Radford Warren. *Harper*.  
Australian Ballot, The Multifarious. P. L. Allen. *No. Amer.*  
Baseball, The Science of. H. S. Fullerton. *American*.  
Bear, Rocky Mountain, Posing the. I. Dunklee. *World To-day*.  
Beaumont and Fletcher, Plays of. A. C. Swinburne. *No. Amer.*  
Boy Criminals—VIII. Ben B. Lindsey. *Everybody's*.  
Brazil, American Sanitation in. H. M. Lome. *World's Work*.  
Cancer, New Facts on. Burton J. Hendrick. *McClure*.  
Capital, The Conservation of. James J. Hill. *World's Work*.  
Captain's Duties on an Ocean Liner. C. T. Delany. *Atlantic*.  
Census of 1910, Taking the. E. D. Durand. *Review of Revs.*  
Charity, Organized, in New York. R. W. Brûere. *Harper*.  
Chaucer. William L. Corbin. *Century*.  
Churchill, Winston. Frederick Taber Cooper. *Bookman*.  
City Building in Germany. Frederic C. Howe. *Scribner*.  
Coal Reserve of Alaska. Richard H. Byrd. *World To-day*.  
College Men and the Bible. C. S. Cooper. *Century*.  
Commission Government in America. *World To-day*.  
Cost of Living, Increased. J. L. Laughlin. *Scribner*.  
Coser, Jacques. Olivia Howard Dunbar. *Harper*.  
Country Parish, The. Winifred Kirkland. *Atlantic*.  
Crow, The, and its Virtues. W. L. Finley. *World To-day*.  
Czar, Policing the. Xavier Paoli. *McClure*.  
Democrats and Republicans. Herbert Croly. *North American*.  
Dock Facilities, Our Neglected. J. L. Mathews. *Everybody's*.  
England and Germany. Sydney Brooks. *Atlantic*.  
Farm, The Poor Man's. David Buffum. *Atlantic*.  
Farmers, Helping Men to Be. S. A. Knapp. *World's Work*.  
Farming on Saturday Afternoons. H. Markley. *World To-day*.  
Gambling, Petty. Elias Tobenkin. *World To-day*.  
Geology and Life. John Burroughs. *Atlantic*.  
Gotch, Thomas C. Charles H. Caffin. *Harper*.  
Great Britain, Crisis in. Sydney Brooks. *North American*.  
Haroun-al-Raschid. E. Alexander Powell. *Everybody's*.  
Holy Land, The—IV. Robert Hichens. *Century*.  
Honduras: A Land of the Future. N. O. Winter. *World To-day*.  
Hull House, Twenty-two Years at. Jane Addams. *American*.  
Humor, The New, Some Figures in. Amos Stote. *Bookman*.  
Immigrants, Our, The Skalls of. Burton J. Hendrick. *McClure*.  
Japanese Industrial Revolution. E. Maxey. *World To-day*.  
Justice, A Plea for. A. C. Humphreys. *North American*.  
Jutland and Tree-Planting. William Hovgaard. *World's Work*.  
Legislative Game, The. Samuel Hopkins Adams. *American*.  
"Machine" Convention, Doom of. R. S. Binkerd. *Rev. of Revs.*  
Malbone, Ministerialist. Donald H. Haines. *Scribner*.  
Manhood, Endowing. Arthur T. Hadley. *World's Work*.  
Martin, Riccardo. Henry T. Finck. *Century*.  
Medallion Exhibition, International. A. P. Andrew. *Rev. of Revs.*  
Michelangelo. Rhys Carpenter. *North American*.  
Military Preparedness. W. H. Carter. *North American*.  
Millet's American Indians. De Cost Smith. *Century*.  
Mississippi, The Precious Control of the. *World's Work*.  
Mojeska, Helena, Memoirs of—VI. *Century*.  
Naval Observatory, The U. S. C. S. Claudy. *World To-day*.

Nature Photography, A Leader in. H. W. Lanier. *Rev. of Revs.*  
Newspapers, The Case for the. W. P. Hamilton. *Atlantic*.  
New Theatre, A Year at the. W. P. Eaton. *Atlantic*.  
New York, Lower. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. *Century*.  
New York, The Transformation of. J. A. Offord. *World To-day*.  
Northwest, Life in the Far. E. K. Broadus. *Atlantic*.  
Oregon, On the Road to. Charles M. Harvey. *Atlantic*.  
Paoli, M. Xavier. René Lara. *McClure*.  
Peace, A New Reason for. Norman Angell. *World's Work*.  
Pictures, Talks on—III. Sir Caspar P. Clarke. *Everybody's*.  
Pittsburg, The Truth about. James Oppenheim. *American*.  
Platt, Thomas. Lemuel E. Quigg. *North American*.  
Political Science, Endowed School of. H. Croly. *World's Work*.  
Politics, Hide-and-Seek. Woodrow Wilson. *North American*.  
Public Expenditure, Waste in. M. T. Herrick. *Review of Revs.*  
Pullman Company, Probing the. Lynn Haines. *American*.  
Rat, Our Duel with the. W. A. Du Puy. *McClure*.  
Reconstruction Period, Diary of—IV. George Wells. *Atlantic*.  
Religion, The Restoration of. George Hodges. *Atlantic*.  
Rhino, The. A. Radclyffe Dugmore. *Everybody's*.  
Roads. Walter Pritchard Eaton. *Scribner*.  
Roosevelt's Home-Coming. Walter Wellman. *Review of Revs.*  
School Improvements, Cost of. J. M. Rogers. *Lippincott*.  
School-Teacher, Country, Autobiography of. *World's Work*.  
Sierras, The. Stewart Edward White. *American*.  
Silhouette, Revival of the. Gardner Teall. *Bookman*.  
Society among Lobster Palaces. Julian Street. *Everybody's*.  
South American Progress. Albert Hale. *Review of Reviews*.  
Stedman, Edmund Clarence, Unpublished Letters of. *Harper*.  
Strikes, The Limitations of. J. J. Feely. *North American*.  
Tangier, The Infidel City. Mary Heaton Vorse. *Harper*.  
Telephone, The Future of. Herbert N. Casson. *World's Work*.  
Theatrical "Stock" and its Dividends. G. Monmouth. *Bookman*.  
Tourists, Sixteenth-Century. E. S. Bates. *Atlantic*.  
U. S. Ex-Official, Confessions of a. *Atlantic*.  
Verse, New. William Dean Howells. *North American*.  
Vivisection, Restriction of. Genevieve Grandcourt. *No. Amer.*  
West, Middle—What It Wants. *World's Work*.  
Wool, A Battle Royal in. *Everybody's*.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 107 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

#### BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Robert Herrick: A Biographical and Critical Study. By F. W. Moorman, Ph.D. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 344 pages. John Lane Co. \$5. net.  
Bygone Days in Chicago: Recollections of the "Garden City" of the Sixties. By Frederick Francis Cook. Illustrated, 8vo, 400 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.75 net.  
Some Musical Recollections of Fifty Years. By Richard Hoffman; with biographical sketch by Mrs. Hoffman. Illustrated, 8vo, 168 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.  
The Book of Daniel Drew: A Glimpse of the Fisk-Gould-Tweed Régime from the Inside. By Buock White. 8vo, 423 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.  
George Herbert, Melodist, 1593-1633. By E. S. Buchanan. 16mo, 76 pages. London: Elliot Stock.

#### HISTORY.

The Roman Republic. By W. E. Heitland, M.A. In 3 volumes, large 8vo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$10. net.  
The Rise of South Africa: A History of the Origin of South African Colonization from the Earliest Times to the Year 1887. By G. E. Cory. Vol. I, From the Earliest Times to the Year 1820. Illustrated, large 8vo, 420 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$5. net.  
The War in Wexford: An Account of the Rebellion in the South of Ireland in 1798. By H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 343 pages. John Lane Co. \$4. net.  
A History of the Irish Parliamentary Party. By F. Hugh O'Donnell, M.A. In 2 volumes, illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$5. net.  
Johnson's Wonder-Working Providence, 1628-1681. Edited by J. Franklin Jameson, Ph.D. With facsimiles, large 8vo, 285 pages. "Original Narratives of Early American History." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3. net.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

Revolution, and Other Essays. By Jack London. 12mo, 308 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

**The Theory of the Theatre, and Other Principles of Dramatic Criticism.** By Clayton Hamilton. 12mo, 248 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50 net.

**Woodland Paths.** By Winthrop Packard. 16mo, 289 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50 net.

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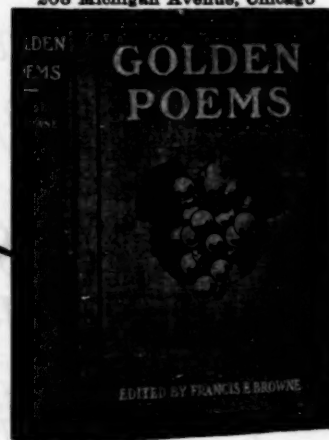
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